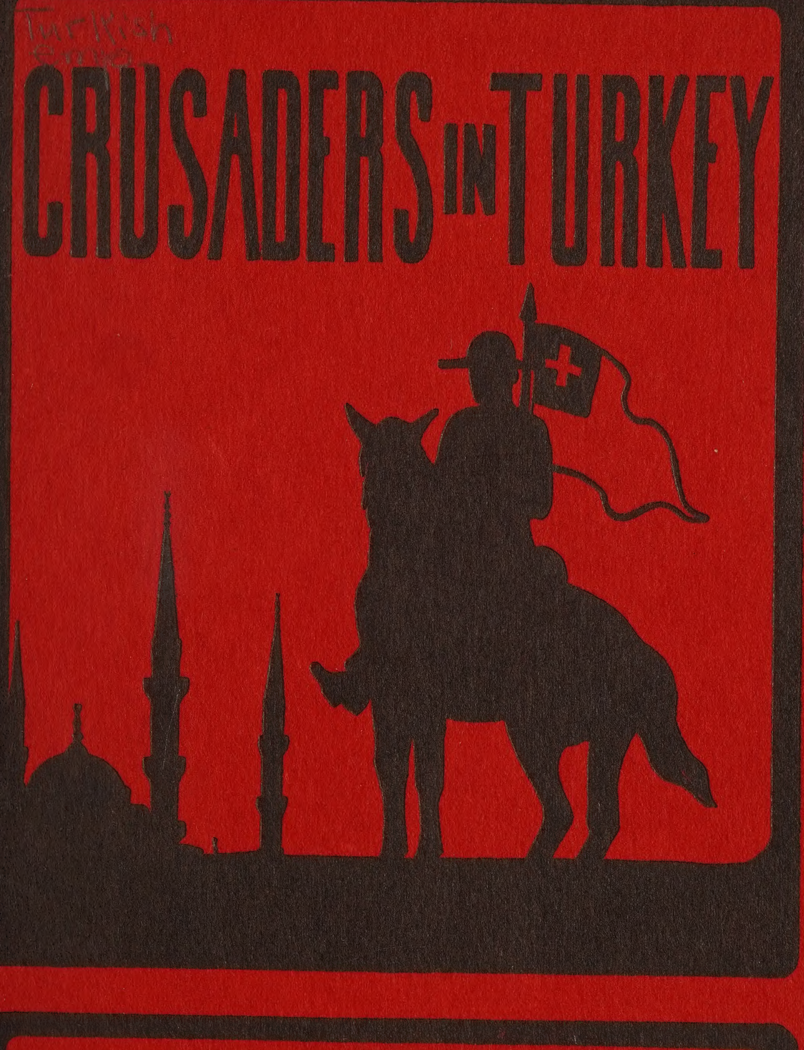


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Crusaders in Turkey

BY

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THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE

FOREWORD

CRUSADERS IN TURKEY has been prepared not as a story-book nor even as a text-book for children to read, but as a guide for teachers and leaders of societies which include boys and girls from eleven to fourteen or fifteen years old. The particular problem of such workers is to find missionary material sufficient and suitable for a series of program meetings. Therefore, while the book has been planned as a unit, each individual chapter is arranged with a definite lesson period in view. For this reason suggestions to leaders for the use of each chapter precede the text. And that their use in the meetings may be facilitated, the illustrations have not been bound.

As a study of Turkey the manual attempts to present not the whole story, of course, but a simple statement of some fundamental facts expressed as concretely as possible. That material has been chosen which would most readily be grasped by boys and girls of the ages indicated. Explanation should be made of the fact that while the first two chapters treat of the entire Ottoman Empire such accounts of the life of the people and of missionary work as follow are descriptive only of Turkey proper. Even here there has been no attempt to point out differences in custom between East and West or North and South. Obviously such distinctions could not be made within the limits of this manual. After all, the fundamental purposes, conditions, and methods of the missionary "crusade" are alike from Southern Arabia to Northern Armenia, and it is of far greater importance that the children gain a glimpse of these than that they study varieties of food, clothing, and habitation among differing nationalities. Where leaders are especially interested in any one part of the country, however, material on local

conditions may well supplement Chapters III, IV and VI. Any Board working within the bounds of the entire Empire can be drawn upon for such material regarding its particular field. In case a society represents such a denomination a whole meeting may well be inserted in the series between Chapters IV and V for the purpose of definite instruction about the actual mission stations which it supports. This may take the form of a tour from place to place and is of more value with older than with younger children. Material for it can easily be secured by consultation with the denominational Board concerned.

While an attempt has been made to supply within the covers of this book more material than will need to be reproduced for the children, and enough so that leaders can carry on the study successfully without additional reading, yet a broader background is desirable wherever possible. For this reason a list of helpful books will be found appended to the final chapter.

The author lays no claim to originality. She gratefully acknowledges her deep indebtedness to the many missionaries and friends who have helped in the necessarily hasty preparation of this manual and regrets that incidents, descriptions, and facts have been gathered too widely from books as well as from missionaries to make individual acknowledgment possible.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER FOR CHAPTER I

The chief task of the first lesson on Turkey is the supplying of motive power for seeking further knowledge. The average boy or girl will come to it with little previously acquired information and probably less interest. Certain vague questions will be in his mind, such as, "Why should we be studying Turkey?" "What is Turkey anyway?" "Where is it?" "What is it like?" Starting with what the pupil has in his mind the leader must first seek to answer these questions; and if his answers can bring with them an element of surprise and unexpectedness, he will easily hold the attention of his class for the time being. A further aim is also important, however. Through these first answers other more specific and puzzling questions must be made to take shape in the mind of the class and, for the present, be left unanswered, for thus curiosity can be quickened and made the motive power for further study. As long as this twofold object is before the teacher interest in the discoveries already made and curiosity regarding facts and reasons yet hidden will suffice to lead the class from program to program.

That the land of Turkey is so closely connected with familiar Bible stories will be one source of surprise in this first chapter. Most boys and girls will not have connected the two. That they themselves already know as much about this country as they can be led to reason out by a few hints from the teacher and with the help of maps will also be a surprise. Every opportunity must be taken to connect this vague unfamiliar land with knowledge already in their possession.

Puzzling questions to arouse curiosity are not far to

seek either. Why should there be so many languages used and why such a mixture of nationalities? Why are there not roads and railroads for travel? If Turkey is rich why should the people be poor? If the government is at fault why is it not made to do better? Etc.

The following use of material in Chapter I is suggested for children from twelve to fourteen:—

1. Hymn.
2. Prayer.
3. Business.
4. A Quartet of Reasons.
5. Bible and Map Hunt.
6. Bible Lesson: Psalm xcvi.
7. Hymn.
8. A Finding-out Contest.
9. Turkish Puzzles.
10. Closing Prayer.
11. Hymn.

Necessary Helps: A home-made cloth or blackboard map like frontispiece but with only such places entered as are to be used in the Bible and Map Hunt. This map is to be developed from lesson to lesson. If possible a pulp or sand map and either a borrowed globe or a flat map of the whole world (this need not be large); a Bible for each child; if possible a small hand map for each child; a Turkish flag (home made will do); pictures Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7 and 20.

NOTES ON PROGRAM

4. Let four children represent (1) Fair play, (2) our Country, (3) Turkish children, (4) the Church. They may carry symbols if the leader desires such as (1) balance scales, (2) American flag, (3) picture of Turks, (4) the Church flag or the Bible. In a few words of

their own let each give one reason for studying Turkey. (See opening paragraphs.)

5. Explain hunt and reason for it. Announce name of well-known Bible character and reference for verses containing name of some place connected with him (a place which is marked on wall map). The first child to find verse and see the place mentioned in it on the map is allowed to point it out (if hunt is used as a game he wins a point). Briefly recall story connected with each place. Have children mark places on hand maps if they have them. Then let slower children point out places like Constantinople and Black Sea and have them marked on wall and hand maps.

6. While Bibles are in hand have lesson read responsively.

8. Choose five groups of three to five appointing a spokesman for each and give each group a question such as the following: How large do you think Turkey is compared with the United States or the countries of Europe? What should you think the climate might be? Should you think it would be a beautiful country to travel in? What other nationalities besides Turks do you think might be found there? Should you suppose other nations in Europe would be interested in it? Suggest that maps will help, give a hint or two to each, and allow a few minutes for whispered consultation; then call for reports and in connection with each bring out allied facts as given in chapter. Have society vote as to which group gave best answer.

9. Leader should tell a little about the government and display flag; then gather up puzzling questions suggested by lesson making them as emphatic as possible. Be careful not to answer them but to send class away eager to find out answers for themselves.

CHAPTER I

THE LAND OF TURKEY

No Asiatic country has been more conspicuously before the eyes of Europe and America during recent decades than the Ottoman Empire. Current literature and general conversation constantly refer to its wars and politics, its sins and sufferings. Yet probably no nation is so misjudged and misunderstood at the hands of Westerners as that of the so-called "unspeakable Turk." It is to be hoped that a fuller knowledge of the truth as regards the past and present influences at work in this country and the conditions of life among its peoples may lead to a more just and helpful attitude.

There are other reasons for such a study as this book offers, however. While at this present time cholera and war have increased the chronic poverty of the peasant class until suffering is widespread and the call for help especially urgent, yet at all times the monstrous need of the mass of Turkish subjects constitutes a mighty claim for sympathy and help upon all nations like America where educational opportunity, relief from physical suffering, and protection of life and property are the rights of even the poor-

est. The day of schools and physicians and righteous government to meet the need of Turkey can best be hastened by a real understanding of what and how great the need is.

Though America is not so concerned with the politics of this "sick man of the East" as are its neighbors in Europe we have, nevertheless, developed considerable commerce with his citizens and have received not a few of them into our own land as immigrants. Good citizenship suggests that we be intelligent about a country with which we constantly have dealings.

Again, American Boards of Missions have long been at work preaching Jesus Christ in this Empire. In fact upon the churches of America rests by far the largest responsibility for its Christianization. Without a membership aware of this responsibility and understanding the task with its problems, how shall our churches give workers and prayer and money sufficient for its accomplishment?

A study of the Turkish Empire is quite worth while from still another point of view, however. All the events portrayed within the Bible save those occurring in Egypt and a few connected with Paul's travels were acted out on ground now included within its borders. The mode of life and thought portrayed in Bible history still exists widely throughout the Sultan's domain so that an understanding of modern life there means a truer appreciation of Bible teachings. Far in

the north where once was the center of the Armenian kingdom rises Mt. Ararat whereon we are told the ark was brought to rest (Gen. viii. 4). Far in the south was Ur of the Chaldees whence Abraham journeyed to Haran, close by modern Oorfa, and south into Canaan (Gen. xi. 31-xii. 5). At one side lies the Red Sea through which Moses led the children of Israel (Ex. xiii. 18, 29-31) and Sinai where the Commandments were received (Ex. xix. 20). All of the Promised Land as it was pointed out to Joshua before he went up to take Jericho is there (Jos. i. 1-4); so also far to the east are Nineveh whither Jonah was told to go and from which he ran away (Jonah i. 1-3), and Babylon where Daniel was tested (Dan. ii. 48). Nazareth (Luke ii. 51) and Jerusalem (Luke ii. 41) with all their sacred associations are ruled now by a Mohammedan Sultan. Saul of Tarsus (Acts ix. 11-19) was born in what is now his city; Damascus, on the road to which the vision was seen (Acts ix. 3-9), Antioch (Acts xv. 35), Iconium (Acts xiv. 1) and Troas, where he crossed over into Europe (Acts xvi. 8-10), are also cities of the Turks. And these are but a few of the familiar spots that are scattered through the length and breadth of the Empire, from the Black Sea on the north, through Syria and a strip of Arabia to the Gulf of Aden and the Persian Gulf on the south, and from Persia and Russia on the east, west to Africa, the Mediterranean and the Balkan states

(which were made entirely independent of the Empire only in 1913).

Roughly estimated the present area of Turkey is nearly equal to that of the United States east of the Mississippi if the New England States be deducted, or to the combined areas of Spain, France and Germany. In character it is far more diverse, however. The northern boundary is about as far north as Boston so that the climate of the adjacent country is temperate, but the southern boundary on the Persian Gulf lies in the tropical zone as near the equator as Central America. All through Syria and the plain of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers the heat of a summer noon is so great that travelers must carefully protect themselves from the sun's rays and halt for several hours at midday. Dwellers in Mosul and Bagdad take refuge in cellars or in rude huts in the vineyards outside the city, while foreigners are compelled to spend the season in the cooler air of the mountains. Perhaps the lack of trees in this territory has much to do with the intense heat. On the other hand the winter snows in the more northern part of Eastern Turkey are so severe that frequently villages cannot be reached for months at a time and people walking upon the drifts in the streets stand nearly on a level with their own roofs. As will at once be inferred practically all the fruits, vegetables and grains which we grow in the United States, in Mexico, and in Central

America grow in Turkey also and are the food of the people.

The whole appearance of the country is rather different from that of the United States, nevertheless. Mountains are almost everywhere, with only here and there natural passes connecting the cities located on the plateaus between the ranges. Nowhere yet will you find railroads tunneling these mountains and in only one or two instances a line making its way over them. Out in the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers there is a great stretch of level land, however, known as the Mesopotamian Plain. The scenery along the beds of these rivers and of the rushing hillside torrents, the views of the steep, rocky mountains, not a few of whose summits are touched with snow, and from the rough paths across them down to the many-colored plains below, or out to the blue waters of the Black Sea, or the Mediterranean, or the Van Lake, are as beautiful, travelers affirm, as the wonders of Switzerland. On the other hand the notable lack of trees through parts of the country, the predominance of yellow or gray rock, the vast stretches of uncultivated land, weedy and sunburned except in early spring, the straggling appearance of villages with their mud-brick or stone coloring create a scene sometimes monotonous and depressing in its effect.

It is a surprise to find that the soil in neglected territories, as elsewhere throughout the Empire,

is fertile enough to yield an excellent crop even where ploughing is done with nothing but a crooked branch and little care is taken in cultivation. From the poverty-stricken appearance of the people you would never guess that rich mines of copper, iron, coal and other minerals are lying unworked all through the hills. In fact, despite the natural wealth of the country, nothing is more noticeable than the poverty of all save the well-to-do of the cities. In the villages children come to school, even on such a gala occasion as the yearly visit of a missionary, dressed in a shirt and the father's vest or in underdrawers and a ragged apology for a coat, yet are received without surprise because it is known to be washing season! More than one hundred patches were counted on the ragged clothes worn by one bright girl in Eastern Turkey. Her mother and brother could be recognized as from the same family by likeness of patches! But similar "coats of many colors" are too common to arouse comment save among strangers. Living is from hand to mouth and when a harvest fails or cholera comes the suffering from famine is acute. Not infrequently at such times the girls of the poorer Turkish families are sold as slaves for the money they will bring.

A teacher at Aintab tells the following story:—

"It was the winter after the massacre of 1909—a time of great business stagnation, when the thousands of people who live from hand to mouth

were hard put to it to know how to live. One evening Yester, a graduate of our school, who had opened a school for little street girls, went to her home, and began her preparations for dinner. A sound of footsteps running outside the wall, and a hurried knock on the gate interrupted her. Yester hastened to the gate to find Zekié, one of her pupils, standing there in great agitation.

"'Oh Yester, Yester, come and save me! My father is going to sell me,' she cried.

"Yester knew that the Turks were sending their daughters to be sold as slaves in the city of Aleppo, and that the wailing and crying along the great, white road, as these carriage loads of girls started off, was the current talk of the city. Her heart sank as she heard Zekié's words, but she threw her shawl over her head and started to the child's home. She found the father and mother together.

"'What's this I hear, that you're going to sell Zekié?' she asked the father.

"'We must have bread,' he answered sullenly.

"She turned to the mother.

"'Do you mean to say you are going to sell your daughter to be the slave of a stranger away off in Aleppo?' The woman lowered her eyes uneasily.

"'We must have bread,' she said. 'It's for her sake. We can't give her enough to eat.'

"Yester thought deeply for a few moments,

then turned to the father with a sudden inspiration.

"'Now,' she said, 'if you will promise not to sell Zekié, I will agree to see that she has one square meal a day at the school, and she will promise to eat nothing at all at home,—won't you Zekié?' The girl nodded eagerly. 'So she'll be no expense to you, and she will have enough to live on.'

"So the bargain was made, and little Zekié was not sold that winter. The following year, however, Yester was too late and the child had been sent away to the city before she could interfere."

But there are other curious things about Turkey besides the fact that though the country is rich the people who live on it are very, very poor. Suppose we pretend to take a journey from the Black Sea down to Mecca. It will be no further than from Boston out to Chicago, but we shall hear half a dozen languages in any city on the way without half listening. We shall meet people who say they are Greeks, people who call themselves Armenians, people who are known as Syrians, thousands who clearly are Arabs, others who are Persian, some who declare they are Bulgars or Montenegrins or Servians or Albanians, whole villages of folk who call themselves Kurds, to say nothing of the Turks themselves from whom the Empire apparently gets its name! Often within a few miles we

shall find a group of villages, the first of one, the next of another, the third of still a different nationality. And we have not spoken yet of the Circassians and Georgians, the French and the English and the Russians, the people from Germany and Austria-Hungary, from India, or Central Asia, or from Africa, whom we shall run across here and there along the way. It is true that Turkey is neighbor to many nations and is at the "crossroads" between East and West, but is it not puzzling that *quite* so many different kinds of people are all mixed up together? There are many nationalities in our own cities of the United States, but that is because new people are continually immigrating. In Turkey it is not so; more people are leaving every year than are entering the country.

To whatever state one goes in America one always finds the American language spoken, and the children of immigrants ofttimes grow up scarcely knowing the tongue of their fathers. In Turkey, however, while some cities speak Turkish, in other whole districts the everyday language is like the people, Greek or Armenian, Syrian, Arabic or Kurdish!

Another interesting fact we shall discover is that, even though all the different kinds of people in the country are counted together, there are only about one sixth of the number who live in Spain, France and Germany, which cover territory of about the same area. Though Turkey

is many times bigger than the tiny country of Italy, but two thirds as many people live in it!

It is not at all probable, however, that we shall ever make that journey from the Black Sea to Mecca, which we are imagining, nor have the opportunity to find out in that way the reason for all these puzzling facts. Travel is so slow and difficult, so often dangerous as well, that unless we become missionaries or government representatives, or have important business to summon us, we shall not be likely to venture far from the coast. Smyrna, Constantinople, Beirut, perhaps Jerusalem, we can visit with comparative ease, but far into the interior we probably shall not go no matter how alluring the beautiful scenery may be nor how much we long to visit old Bible scenes or to study this strange and puzzling Turkey. Mr. Browne, a missionary who has lived in Harpoot, Turkey, many years, says, "There are almost no railroads in Turkey at present though there is prospect of some before many years. The so-called 'roads' are few and so poor that if wagons can go on them it is only with great discomfort to the jolted occupants, if not actual danger, especially after the spring and autumn rains.

"There are comparatively few bridges and those only over smaller rivers and gullies. The usual methods of crossing wider rivers are by fording; by letting your animal swim across with you clinging on his back; in remoter dis-

tricts by floating on rafts of inflated goat skins, and along more traveled roads by being transported in huge, leaky, dirty scows where your place is disputed by rough men and kicking animals! These boats are so unskillfully handled that not infrequently they sink, and men and animals perish.

"The usual 'road' is a mere path for animals, sometimes almost too steep to admit of a man's riding either when ascending or descending, so narrow along the edges of precipitous cliffs that one single slip of your horse or mule would send the animal and his rider far, far down on the rocks below or into the hungry waters of roaring river or fathomless lake.

"Under most favorable conditions and in a carriage the journey, if comfortable, becomes very wearisome as one cannot expect to cover more than thirty-five or forty miles a day at the longest. To travel at the same rate would require you to spend some seven days in reaching New York from Boston instead of just the five hours in which express trains now take you! Nor is there much hope of restful nights in the vermin-infected and unclean khans or stables, though a gradual improvement in these stopping places along the main caravan roads can now be discerned.

"But apart from the many and great discomforts in travel from rain, rivers and so-called 'roads,' many districts, though much improved

nowadays, are still infested by robbers. Few of the older missionaries but could tell of dangerous adventures and wonderful escapes, while some have been badly beaten, wounded, or even left for dead after being stripped of everything valuable. Many people still travel either in caravans or with Turkish guards. Added to the danger of robbers is that from fierce blizzards and from wolves if one tries to travel through some sections in the winter."

In illustration of this last point is an adventure recently met with by a new missionary just arrived at Mardin station. One day after the long study hours of the morning and early afternoon spent upon the difficult Arabic language, which must be learned before the newcomer could be of assistance, he and a niece of the missionary doctor, who chanced to be visiting her uncle for a year or two, set off on horseback for exercise. Neither was much accustomed to the ways of this strange country else they would not have ventured out upon the plain which stretches away below the cliffs marking the boundaries of the city proper. In their search for wild flowers, however, they did not realize the distance between themselves and the nearest houses. Nor did they observe for some time two or three horsemen who suddenly appeared on the horizon. When at length these gentlemen were sighted, and the foreigners had uneasily turned their mounts toward the city it was too late to get

away. A group of four or five bronzed Kurds, picturesque in their tattered clothes, ugly-looking knives tucked under their bright sashes, surrounded them so speedily that their coming seemed almost to be by magic. "Up with your hands," was the demand, and, since resistance was plainly useless, the two victims suffered the removal of all their valuables and outer garments without protest. But when at length one of the robbers began removing their shoes and stockings patience was exhausted. "No, you shan't have them. I will tell my uncle about you. He is the missionary doctor," his niece exclaimed angrily, "and he will see that you are roundly punished." Although the threat was in all probability an idle one, since punishment is very difficult to administer to the slippery brigands of the plain, its effect was immediate and astounding. With greater haste than had been evinced in their removal, the shoes, every piece of stolen clothing, and each watch, pin and pocketbook, were apologetically restored. "You are of the Dr. Thom's family!" the men exclaimed. "We did not know that. We beg your pardon. The doctor has been kind to one of our men and given him new life. We would never hurt the doctor." And thereupon with continued apologies they escorted the relieved but amused wanderers back to the city streets, lest they encounter other brigands not so merciful!

This description of the perils of travel suggests still other puzzling questions. Why should Turkey be so dangerous a land to journey in? Why does not the government see that its roads are well kept and that bridges are built? Why does it not punish robbers? Why does it not encourage the building of railroads?

The head of the Turkish Government is called the Sultan and up to five years ago had absolute power throughout his domains. The name of the present Sultan who began to reign in 1908 with more limited power is Mehmed V. His palace among the white stucco and marble palaces of all the other Sultans for hundreds of years, may be seen close down upon the water's edge as one sails through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea from Constantinople. For that "City of the Golden Horn" is capital for all the Turkish Empire. Since 1908 a Senate, which the Sultan appoints, and the Chamber of Deputies, elected by the people, gather at that city from all over the Empire and, meeting in a building close by the great Mosque of Santa Sophia, share the duties and privileges of government with the Sultan. The whole country is divided into vilayets which correspond in area somewhat to our states. In each there is the governor appointed from Constantinople, a corps of the Turkish army, and hundreds of other minor officials such as tax collectors, policemen and local governors scattered through every city and town where the

Turkish flag flies. This banner is red, like the color of a firecracker, a white crescent with a white star midway between its two horns being placed a little to the left of the center.

Certainly some of the puzzling conditions portrayed in this chapter are to be laid at the door of the government, which has mismanaged Turkey for many years past. But more fundamental causes must be sought. We shall find that they lie in the continued struggles which have waged in the land for thousands of years, and in the faulty religious faith under the principles of which the government has gained its strength, and strife and corruption have been allowed to flourish.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER FOR CHAPTER II

Contests of any kind have a compelling interest for children of the twelve year age. The material of this chapter, therefore, which aims to set forth in broad outline some of the mighty struggles through which Turkey has passed, will easily hold the attention of an average boy or girl if vividly presented. The teacher must make very sure, however, that through the medium of the "Crusade" stories the questions raised in the preceding chapter are answered and a new unanswered question in anticipation of the next lesson raised.

Some conception of why there is such race mixture in the Turkish Empire and of the outstanding characteristics of the Moslem and Armenian peoples should be in the minds of the children at the close. But most clearly of all they should perceive two facts; that the supremacy of a mistaken religious faith with its teaching of strife and cruelty is the answer to all the Turkish puzzles of the preceding chapter, and that Christians, themselves, through their mistakes, have helped to create and sustain that supremacy. The question of what the "Quiet Crusade" is should not even be hinted at, save in terms of its influence, since the children will be very quick to guess its meaning.

The following use of material in Chapter II is suggested for children from ten to fourteen:—

1. Hymn: "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."
2. Lord's Prayer.
3. Bible Lesson: Ephesians v. 10–17.
4. Business and roll call (each child giving some fact learned about Turkey last time).
5. Hymn: "Onward Christian Soldiers."

6. Four Crusades.
   a. Leader's introduction.
   b. First Crusade, or how the Turks came to be in Turkey.
   c. Second Crusade, or how Christians made a mistake.
7. Hymn: "Fairest Lord Jesus" (Crusaders' hymn).
8. Four Crusades continued.
   d. Third Crusade, or what a Mohammedan Sultan could do.
   e. Fourth Crusade, or how a better government began.
9. Answers to Turkish puzzles. The mysterious "Quiet Crusade."
10. Hymn.

Necessary Helps: The home-made map with Mecca, Van (the center of the old Armenian nation), Antioch and Bitlis added; map of the world again if possible; symbols of Crusades as suggested under notes on 6 and 8; pictures Nos. 4 and 8.

NOTES ON PROGRAM

3. Leader should hint that Bible lesson is going to help answer puzzles.

4. Roll call should be omitted if class is large.

6. *a*. Leader may recall puzzles and get children to suggest answers if possible, no comments being made at this point, however. Explain general meaning of "Crusade."

b. Three children should represent the First Crusaders, carrying Koran, sword, and flag (these may easily be improvised for the occasion). All three recite "war cry" together. One tells about Mohammed and his teaching, one about the followers of Mohammed and their mission-

ary work, the third about the coming of the Turks and the fate of Christians. If desired, an Armenian, a Syrian, and a Greek may be represented by children at the other side of the room, and the victory of the Turks over these Christians acted out in simple fashion. Such simple action may be carried through each of the "Crusades" and will make the whole much more impressive. In any event some slight rehearsing will be required in order that the program may be dignified.

c. Three other children represent Christian Crusaders wearing red cloth crosses on shoulders, carrying the same sword, a wooden cross, and small flags of England, France and Germany. Divide story among them as in *b*.

8. *d*. Three more tell story. They may carry a telegram from the Sultan, the sword, and articles such as jewelry or a rolled-up rug to represent booty.

e. Describe in same way as others. Papers representing a constitution, a card with small pictures of a school, a railroad, etc., taken from magazines, and the sword are appropriate symbols.

9. Leader should draw out further answers to Turkish "puzzles" and make sure that the teaching of the stories is understood. The children may judge which was the best of the crusades. The fact and influence of a "Quiet Crusade" may then be suggested and the question thus raised left unanswered.

CHAPTER II

CRUSADES AND CRUSADES

As far back as history goes the land of Turkey has been a land of fighting. Conflicting governments and conflicting religions have wrestled with one another for supremacy. Syrians, Persians, Medes, wandering Arab tribes, Armenians, Jews, clans like the Philistines of Bible times, Greeks and Romans from the west, Turkish and Mongol tribes from Central Asia have conquered and in turn been conquered. Pagan religions, the faith of the Jews, Christianity, and Mohammedanism have flourished or grown weak in combat together.

The four special periods of conflict described in this chapter are chosen from a host of other similar periods to serve a double purpose. They exemplify, as well as others could, the constant strife which has helped to make and keep the common people of the land poverty-stricken and ignorant. And they set forth, as others could not, the rise and course of the struggle between Islam and Christianity which has doubtless been the most potent factor in creating the Turkey of to-day. Through them also shine the mistakes of the followers of Christ as well as the evil in the principles of Islam. The more clearly such mistakes

be recognized the more accurately shall we understand the responsibility of Christendom toward the Turk.

HOW THE TURKS CAME TO BE IN TURKEY

The great Mohammedan crusade which firmly fastened the rule of Islam upon all Western Asia and parts of Africa and Europe, which brought the Turk from his home in Central Asia and made him creator of an empire, covers a long period of centuries and dates back to the birth of the Arab Mohammed at Mecca, far in the southern part of what is now Turkish territory. This happened in 570. Mohammed, who was a great thinker, came to believe very strongly that there was but one God, maker and ruler of all men. About his home, however, and wherever he traveled, his countrymen were found worshiping numberless gods, and people who called themselves "Christians" and pretended to know but one God nevertheless filled their churches with pictures of saints and relics before which they appeared to worship and pray.

Finally Mohammed began to tell his friends what he believed. "There is no God but Allah," he said, "and I am his prophet." And in this way the Mohammedan religion had its beginning. As people grew to believe him, what he wrote and said was treasured up in the Koran, a little book of one hundred and fourteen chapters, smaller than the New Testament and held sacred

by Moslems. "Christ," said Mohammed, "was a good man and a prophet, just as I am, but He was not 'the son of God' as the Christians say and I am greater than He, because I am the last and wisest of the prophets." Perhaps if the Christian people whom he knew had been truer followers of Christ, Mohammed might have understood Him better and Mohammedanism might never have started at all. As it was, however, many people accepted Islam (Islam means surrender) and were ready to do whatever the prophet might tell them. Some of these things were good, some bad. Moslems must give alms to the poor and pray often. At certain times they must fast. They must say "La-ilaha-illa-'llahu; Muhammadu-Rasulu-'Allah" (there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet) over and over as many times as possible, and they must try to get other people to believe and say it; if they can, they must make a journey to Mecca to worship there and to kiss an old black stone, which is part of a building called the Kaaba and which was once kissed by their prophet.

Mohammed also taught his followers to fight with the sword so as to spread their religion. He said that all Arabs must either become Moslems or die; and while other people were allowed to live if they would pay tribute, his followers were taught that one who was not a Moslem had no rights which others must respect. Mohammedans were to treat such people with contempt and need

not keep promises made to them. Moreover Mohammed considered women lower than animals and taught that they had no souls. As can easily be imagined many—though of course not all—of the men who became his followers were what we should call cruel, deceitful, and wicked; yet they were very loyal to their prophet and to the things he told them. They became zealous missionaries. As years went by they led armies over into Africa and even into Spain by way of Gibraltar; all through Asia and in India and China they fought and taught. All those who accepted Islam became missionaries in turn and among these were some tribes living in Central Asia, called Turks, who entered the Mohammedan armies and helped to spread their new religion with much enthusiasm. After awhile these Turks conquered the Arabs and all of Asia Minor.

At that time Constantinople was the most important and richest Christian city in the East, so when at last, in 1453, the tribe of Ottoman Turks captured that city and set up their government there they felt that they had greatly triumphed over Christianity. Their ruler took the title of Sultan and became religious head of all the Moslems. As a symbol of their victory he had Christian churches such as the Church of Santa Sophia in Constantinople turned into Mohammedan mosques and even decreed that in token of submission all gravestones in Christian cemeteries should thereafter be laid flat on the ground rather

than set npright like those in Moslem places of burial! Everywhere, as the bounds of his kingdom were enlarged, Christians were ill-used and made to pay heavy tribute. They all had to wear the red fez as a sign that they were Turkish subjects. Some even had to give up their finest sons that they might be made Mohammedan soldiers. So it was that, through the "Mohammedan Crusade" with its war cry of "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet," the Empire of Turkey came into being and for a long time unfurled its blood-red crescent flag over even greater territories than it can claim to-day.

HOW CHRISTIANS MADE A MISTAKE

Before the Turks succeeded in taking Constantinople they captured Jerusalem and other cities in Syria which were held very sacred by all Christians because of the fact that Jesus had lived and taught in them. Men and women from far away Germany and England made long pilgrimages to these spots, in something the same spirit that Moslems went to Mecca, so as to pray in the places where Jesus had prayed. With quite a different spirit from that of Him whose name they bore these Christians bitterly hated, despised, and feared the Turks. They felt it a dishonor that these sacred cities and Christian people should be subject to Mohammedan rule. The Moslems, who had an equal hatred for all Christians just as Mohammed had directed, made matters worse by

not permitting them to worship at Jerusalem without paying heavy taxes and by ill treating the Christians whom they had conquered.

There was a man named Peter the Hermit who made the long pilgrimage and came home to France so indignant and excited about the Turks that of his own accord he walked barefoot and bareheaded all through the country preaching against them, carrying a great crucifix in his hands, and urging folk everywhere to join in a big expedition to fight the Turks and recapture Jerusalem. He said that such a crusade would be a great service to the church and that it was the duty of all men to join it. Thousands became very enthusiastic and began to wear the sign of the cross upon their shoulders or breasts to show that they would take part in this great attempt. "Deus Veult," "Deus Veult," "God wills it," was their war cry, and they were greatly honored by those who must remain at home. Finally the proud army started out and, after two long years and much bloody fighting, captured the city which is now called Oorfa, and then took Antioch and Jerusalem. This was in 1099. They made Geoffrey, one of their number, ruler over this conquered land and would have made him king, but he refused saying that he could never wear a king's crown in the place where Christ had worn a crown of thorns.

But though the crusade seemed very successful at first, Jerusalem was so far from France that

it was hard to keep an army there. Men from different countries became jealous of one another, too. Some of the cities were lost and other expeditions had to be fitted out to get them back again. In this way more blood was spilt, till Turks and Christians grew to hate each other worse than ever. After the fourth army had proved unsuccessful some one suggested that perhaps if "innocent children" should be sent, the "evil Turks" would not be able to resist them. A French boy of twelve named Stephen, a tender of flocks, heard this talked over by his elders. He thought and thought about it and finally decided to start such a crusade himself. Thousands of little folk left their homes in Germany and France and set out for Jerusalem with high hopes and great enthusiasm. Some tried to go by land, others by sea, but none of them ever reached the shores of Turkey and very few ever found their way back home again. Some were taken sick, some were shipwrecked, some were sold as slaves in Egypt.

Still Christians persisted in their anxiety to "rescue the Holy Land," as they put it, and did not seem to recognize the mistake they were making. They tried again and again until eight expeditions had failed, though they never again sent children; yet in the end the Turks held all the cities just as they had in the beginning and only hated Christians the more.

These crusaders were brave soldiers and loyal

Christians who wanted to win honor for Christ, but they forgot that He does not want honor bought by bloodshed and war. His weapons are love and prayer. After awhile, as often happens when people are making a mistake, they almost forgot that they had meant to fight for Christ and sought adventure and wealth for themselves instead. It is hardly strange if the Turks whom they attacked gained a wrong idea of "Christians," is it?

WHAT A MOHAMMEDAN SULTAN COULD DO

When the different tribes of Turks came from Central Asia and began conquering the land that is now Turkey most of the Christian people living there stoutly refused to become Mohammedans. Their church service was far more formal than that of the Protestants of to-day, and many of them had little appreciation of the real spirit of Jesus, but they were very loyal to the best they knew, nevertheless. They bore with the scorn of their conquerors and paid the heavy taxes that were required of them rather than change their religion. Among these people were the Syrians who lived all through Palestine, north and south of it, and east in the Mesopotamian Plain, the Greeks in the more western part of Asia Minor, and the Armenians who had once had a strong kingdom around the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates north to the Black Sea. All these people were much more civilized than their con-

querors. There were scholars among them and builders, workers in brass and copper and silver, weavers and craftsmen of all kinds, such as were not to be found among the rougher and lazier Turks. As centuries went by, however, and the Turks continued to oppress them they could not have as good schools as before and became less able to train their children. Their priests were often very ignorant and sometimes even wicked, and their churches did not teach them to live as Christ had lived. Their language gradually changed, yet still they thought they must keep the old forms of prayer and response in their services, so in time none of the ordinary people could understand a word the priest read. Frequently he could not himself.

Because the Greeks and Armenians were better business men than the Turks many of them became well-to-do; yet, since with good reason they feared the greed and cruelty of their conquerors, they also became servile and tricky and grasping. This was especially true of the Armenians who were people of splendid physique, tall, heavily made and handsome, and of keen brains as well. They were especially devoted to their nation which had once been very powerful and to their church which was called the Gregorian Church after Gregory, its founder. During the last century, however, a change was brought about by the influence of a "Quiet Crusade" about which we shall have more to say in another chapter. The

Armenians began to have more schools and as they became better educated their church was somewhat purified, their men grew more influential and prosperous, some even came to hold important places in the government because they were more able than most Turks. Other nations became interested in them and demanded that the Turkish Empire should be just about its taxes and in its courts. Sultan Ab-dul Hamid, who began to rule in 1876, did not approve of these changes for the better nor of the interest of other nations. His power over the lives and property of all Turkish subjects was absolute, so he determined to ruin those Armenians who were well-to-do and gradually to kill out the whole race. Spies were set upon the tracks of the former and without any excuse they were imprisoned, tortured and sometimes killed. Turkish officers stole their property and the courts would do nothing to help them. Rough Kurds from the mountains, especially in a large district around Bitlis, many of whom made their livelihood by plundering, were allowed to kill Armenians, to take their crops, their flocks and even their children without punishment. The taxes demanded were monstrous and often the collectors would demand the same amounts two or three times in the same year.

Finally the Sultan went even further and sent commands all through the provinces where Armenians lived directing the Turkish officials first to disarm them and then to bid the Turkish mobs,

the soldiers, and the Kurds to massacre and steal as much as they liked. Wherever Armenians would not become Moslems awful bloodshed and torture followed, for many of these people were true to their Christian belief. Whole villages were burned, whole families murdered, thousands of children were left without father and mother or without other means of support, and many mothers had no food for their children and no way of earning any. This crusade which is called the Armenian Massacre, and whose war cry was "Down with the Giours" (Christians), was deliberately planned and carried out by the government with the Sultan at its head. Even the Turks who took part in it were most of them not really unfriendly to the Armenians, but frankly said that the orders came from Constantinople and had to be obeyed. After it was over many even helped the sufferers. But however this third crusade started, it was very successful in reducing the number of Christians and in making those who remained more helpless than before. It shows what kind of government Mohammed's successor, the Sultan of Turkey, believed in, and what sort of things Moslems could do and still be considered good followers of their prophet!

HOW A BETTER GOVERNMENT BEGAN

But another and better crusade was coming. All over Turkey the younger or more progressive men, some of whom had traveled in other countries

and knew how much better the government of other nations was, were coming to be known as "the Young Turk Party." They hated Sultan Ab-dul Hamid and his way of governing. They hated the system of spies—forty thousand of them there were said to be in Constantinople—by means of whom he kept stealthy watch upon the officials he appointed to the work of governing throughout the various districts and cities. They disapproved the dishonesty of these officials, many of whom received their salaries from their chief irregularly or not at all, and thought nothing of making up the lack by taking bribes whenever and wherever they could be got, and by demanding taxes that were too heavy. Such rulers did not pretend to see that justice was done in the courts for people who were not Moslems, and even where the latter were concerned it was generally the man who paid the most who got his way. These young Turks realized what an evil effect the Armenian massacres, the spies, the strict censorship over the newspapers, and other oppressive measures of the Sultan were having upon the prosperity of the country and the happiness of its people. They wanted more schools to be opened, better roads to be built, more railroads started, justice done in the courts so that wrongdoers might be punished and honest people need not be afraid, and the right given to every man to be Christian or Moslem as he liked. The only way to accomplish this, they thought, was to make the Sultan accept a constitution such as other

kings have, so that he could no longer do just as he liked, and to call a parliament through which the people could help make their own laws.

Every Turk who was in sympathy with this new crusade for better government and wanted to join it was expected to spend his whole life in working for it and had to promise never to tell its secrets. They were obliged to be so secret, for fear of the Sultan, that though there were about twenty thousand of these men, it is said that no more than five ever met together at the same time to talk over plans! Their watchword was "Liberty, Justice, Equality, Fraternity," and they hoped to bring about freedom and brotherhood without war. They hoped, too, that this change might mean that the country could be at peace from the fighting which had been its curse for centuries. When the right time came in 1908 they sent a telegram to the Sultan demanding a constitution. As soon as he found that the Young Turk Party had gained control of the whole army and was waiting to march against his palace if he refused, he promised everything they asked. People all over the country were so greatly excited at the thought of having a fair government, that Turks and Greeks and Armenians and Arabs, forgetting how jealous they had always been, called one another "brother" and held great celebrations together in honor of the bloodless revolution.

Sultan Ab-dul Hamid was a very crafty man, however, and all the time while appearing to agree

to the proposals of the new party and while actually calling together a parliament, in secret he was planning how he could kill the leaders and gain control again. The very next year in 1909 he made the attempt to do so; the leaders had to flee from Constantinople, more massacres were started in the neighborhood of Adana, and it looked as though the constitution would be destroyed once more.

But this new crusade was strong and the crusaders determined. They rallied together an army, got control of the palace and made the Sultan a prisoner. Then they carried him off to spend the rest of his life in Salonica and Mehmed V, his brother, was declared ruler in his place.

But the government can not become honest and just and helpful all at once. Evil as well as honest men have joined the party, so that reform comes very slowly indeed. It is made still more difficult by the continuance of war,—that curse which has never long been absent from the Ottoman Empire,—first with Italy over Tripoli, which till 1911 had always been a part of the Empire, and then with the Balkan States, Servia and Montenegro, which has resulted in a great loss of European territory.

Even this good crusade of the new Turks has not done half so much to help the poor, ignorant Turks, and the Armenians, Syrians, and Greeks as another much quieter crusade which has now been going on for nearly a century. Indeed the

Quiet Crusade has had a very great influence on this last crusade of the young Turks. Their leaders have said that there would most certainly have been no constitution or parliament for many years longer except for what this Quiet Crusade has accomplished throughout the country.

We have seen how for centuries and centuries the people of Turkey have been at war with one another and with outsiders, and how this continual fighting has helped to keep the people poor and to keep the number of them small. We have seen, too, how the Mohammedan religion has gained control through all the land, and how through the hatred and misgovernment which it has fostered there has been no liberty and little justice for the people. We have seen how the Christian Crusade only made matters worse, and how even the attempt of the Young Turks to better matters has not yet greatly improved conditions. But what of this Quiet Crusade? How has it fought? What has it been like, that the Turks could say that without it they could not have brought about even the little improvement which has been accomplished? What kind of fighting can this crusade have been doing?

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER FOR CHAPTER III

Since the hero or heroine of a normal child is a person who "does things," who meets and overcomes difficulties, the aim of this chapter is so to present the early missionaries as crusaders, seeking to do a big thing, working out methods of overcoming the huge obstacles in their way, that admiration will be instinctive. Something of the crusading spirit in the modern missionary movement, its vastness, its courage, its determination, its wisdom of procedure, should be impressed upon the child's mind by the end of the lesson, together with a vivid sense of the need which crusaders found in Turkey.

Although a "Plan of Campaign" is to be mapped out in the course of the program, no details should be given, for they embody the problem which is to be left unanswered until the next lesson. For instance, the leader's final word may well be, "If you were a missionary in Constantinople, how would you set about getting people to read the Bible, or being so kind to the Turks that they would want to know what made you so? What would *you* do?"

The following program is suggested, although the chapter is capable of many methods of presentation:—

1. Hymn.
2. Prayer.
3. Business.
4. Special Music.
5. Brief Review.
6. Bible Lesson: "How Paul happened to go on a crusade," Acts xvi. 1–11.
7. The Quiet Crusade: What is it?
8. Reports from Scouts to People at Home.
9. Hymn.
10. A Plan of Campaign for the Quiet Crusade.
11. Difficulties: What would you do?
12. Hymn.

Necessary Helps: Some of the symbols used in the preceding meeting; the map with Trebizond, Smyrna, Mardin, Cesarea, Marsovan, Harpoot, and Beirut added; pictures Nos. 5, 9, 11, 12, 13, 22, 25.

NOTES ON PROGRAM

5. Show some of the symbols used in the description of the four crusades at the preceding meeting and ask what they stood for.

6–7. Connect these two. Recall question of last time as to what "Quiet Crusade" might mean. Let children guess. Connect this second Christian Crusade with the first one and tell general purpose and character.

8. Have seven children prepared to represent early crusaders, reporting very briefly to the people who sent them. *A* represents one man from group who settled quietly in coast cities and speaks for all, mentioning cities to which they went and their experimental work; *B* tells of experiences going inland; *C* represents Dr. Grant, gives his experience and the reasons for his travels; *D* tells what he has seen in a Turkish village; *E* describes what he has seen along the roadside; *F* talks about what he has seen in the cities; *G* describes the condition of Christian people.

10. If there are two leaders, two or three children representing the supporters of missionaries at home might be chosen and sent out of the room with the scouts and one leader to discuss the situation and to bring in a suggested "Plan of Campaign." The others would sing while waiting. If this is not feasible the leader may suggest the need of a "Plan of Campaign" and have three of the scouts ready each to give one provision of it. Or better still she may get her entire society to reason it out for themselves. Let her make sure that it is clearly before them in the end.

11. This topic should be taken by the leader.

CHAPTER III

HOW THE QUIET CRUSADE CAME ABOUT AND WHAT THE CRUSADERS FOUND

THE Quiet Crusade started in a very unobtrusive way, as its name suggests. Indeed, only a very few people understood at all that two men who sailed from America for Palestine one day in 1819 were among the advance guard of a new army intent on invading the Turkish Empire; but they themselves knew, and a little group of men in the United States who supplied the necessary money knew that Pliny Fiske and Levi Parsons were to be forerunners in another great Christian crusade.

Unlike the knights who shared in the first crusade of Christians against Turks, these fighters wore no red crosses and carried no banners. There were no prancing war horses, no waving pennants, no trumpet blasts to accompany them; nor were there swords or spears or helmets to be seen. Yet a single glance into their faces gave evidence that these men could *fight* as well as the crusaders of the Middle Ages. The difference was that the latter had carried weapons of steel, while the weapons of these fighters were loving hearts and humble lives and God's word in the Bible.

For many years after the first Christian crusaders gave up trying to drive the Moslems out of the Holy Land they felt nothing but fear and hatred toward all Turks. They traded with them, to be sure, and their governments were continually negotiating with the Sublime Porte, as the Turkish government is called, but they had little enough to do with the people of the country or with the Christians who lived there. As time went on, however, people began to remember that Christ did not want His followers to kill, nor yet silently to leave matters alone, but rather to teach all people about Himself. At last they came to realize that this surely included Moslems. Occasionally individual men would try to live and preach among them, like Raymond Lull in the twelfth century and Henry Martyn in the eighteenth, but they found it a very difficult task. The Turks still despised and oppressed, often even persecuted Christians just as they had at the time of the earlier crusade. Besides this there were Greeks, Syrians, and Armenians living in their midst who called themselves followers of the Christ, who reverenced the Bible and their church, but who lived lives no better than those of the many Mohammedans. So it was not until nearly a century ago that people—this time mostly American people—found courage and faith enough to start another crusade.

After these two forerunners started out, other men and women followed, a few at a time. The

first ones went to the Holy Land and Jerusalem, but since this Quiet Crusade was to fight against Islam and against all sin and ignorance wherever it was found, others began to explore different parts of the country. Some went along the coast of the Black Sea, and found a big city called Trebizond; some went to Smyrna, some to Beirut and some to Constantinople. A few who were very bold dressed themselves like native merchants in big, baggy trousers, coats with bright colored sashes, and handkerchiefs about their heads with red fezes perched on top; and, first having procured the protection of the Sultan, traveled far inland by caravan. Sometimes they fell among the rough, thieving Kurds of the mountains; sometimes they met with the disease that all too commonly infested great cities because of impure water, filthy streets, and crowded, unsanitary homes. They stopped at villages where the only shelter for guests would be a rough, mud-walled and mud-floored room, without windows, used as a stable at one end, and full of flees. They traveled roads that were often but the beds of rivers; faced the severe storms of winter and the burning sun and stifling dust of summer. On and on they struggled, across mountains or plateaus, as Livingstone did in Africa, seeking to know what the country was like, and what were the lives and the thoughts of the people who lived in it.

Again and again these crusaders were in danger from hostile strangers. One of them, Dr. Grant,

who explored in Persia as well as in Turkey, only escaped being mobbed when in Mardin, by the fact that he happened to be on the outside of the city gate instead of inside when it was shut to keep him from escaping! Wherever he went Dr. Grant sought to make friends instead of enemies, however, and managed to get acquainted with many of the mountain chieftains. His power to heal was a source of great wonder to them, and often opened the way for new friendships. Once he was summoned to cure a half-savage chief, who was known to have killed a German scientist but a little time before. His guides conducted him for miles through mountain fastnesses, and when at last their headquarters were reached, he was led, unarmed, through dark, winding passages, on either side of which he could see iron doors glistening with the spears and daggers of the guards who stood by them! All alone, and entirely at the mercy of this chieftain, he nevertheless went on quite fearlessly, as all the crusaders went, remained with his patient until he had cured him, and came back unharmed.

Through all his journeys Dr. Grant kept careful note of what he discovered, that none of the information gained might be lost. So ignorant and wild were the people among whom he traveled, however, that without doubt they would have killed him at once had he ever been caught doing so mysterious a thing as writing.

While such pioneer men were exploring the

country, making the first maps which had ever been made, and writing books about what they saw, they were also studying out what cities would be the best ones for the crusading army to occupy –such places as would be natural centers for work in wide territories, and at the same time healthful for foreigners. Their comrades, meanwhile, who had already settled in cities like Beirut and Smyrna upon the coast, were busy learning the language well enough to translate books, and experimenting with different ways of getting to know their neighbors so as to teach about Christ.

Whatever part of the country these earlier crusaders chanced to see, however, the impression made upon them was always the same. When they went into a Turkish village—and there were, and still are, thousands of such villages each of one hundred roofs or so—they found most of the people living in a miserable way, their donkeys or goats or chickens sharing the one room of the dirty, mud-brick huts. Even the roofs of these houses, as well as the walls, were frequently made of mud which being possessed of the common characteristics of all mud, would unceremoniously drip down in rainy weather into the cupboards within where during the day the mattresses and comfortables were stored, if the family were well enough off to possess any! It seemed strange to see people smoothing out their roofs with stone rollers after every storm! Roofs in other parts of the land were made in dome shape

and the lower walls of the houses were sometimes of rough field stone piled rudely together. Not infrequently houses were dug in the sides of the hills and were more like caves than anything else. There might be a tiny courtyard in front of each hut and then a high wall protecting it from the street as if each family were afraid of its neighbors. Or again there would be no yard at all and scarcely any streets worthy of the name. In many villages the houses were built on shelves against a hillside and it was necessary to scramble up narrow paths and walk across the flat roofs of one row to get at the courtyards of the next above. Great snapping dogs, whose business it was to protect their master's property and to dispose of decayed vegetables and other refuse left in the ill-smelling streets—these being the universal dumping ground in Turkey—would run along the housetops close by the intruders or chase them through the crooked, uneven pathways. Happy were the travelers if they escaped without attack.

Dirty, tangled-headed children in ragged "one-piece" suits would be unconcernedly paddling in the pool whence the village water supply must be obtained, while with their smaller babies bound on their backs the women would be found doing the heavy farming out in the fields or carrying great loads of produce to market in neighboring cities, their husbands very likely going ahead smoking and empty handed to attend to the selling. Even the huge loads of brush wood which at

first looked as if they were walking in of themselves, each on its own two legs, always disclosed a woman nearly bent up double underneath. Again and again the crusaders found that such women were cruelly beaten or stabbed by their husbands, and that girls of twelve or fourteen might be sold away to anyone who wanted them as slaves for a few coins in return. One of the later crusaders tells of the following conversation which he chanced to overhear carried on by one of his servants and the man's friends.

"Mehmet and his boon companions were having a social evening together at his house. Long, noisy sips of Turkish coffee and the hubble-bubble of the *nargeleh* (water-pipe) had filled the room with nose-tickling fragrance and eye-stinging smoke. They had talked of the crops and the taxes and the gathering of new recruits for the army. One had told of Emin's marrying a second wife because the first had no son. Now they were eating freshly roasted and salted squash seeds, skillfully cracking them open between their teeth and with the end of the tongue drawing out the nice meats.

"Just before they left him Mehmet was heard to say to his friends, 'I've about decided not to beat the ash-carrier (a common expression meaning his wife) any more.'

"'Why, man,' said Osman, 'a woman can't behave without an occasional beating.'

"'She'll be sure to try to boss you,' said Arif.

"'An ash-carrier needs an occasional beating to help her know her place and fear her husband,' chimed in Hushin.

"'Say what you will,' replied Mehmet, 'I have lived with this American for five years. I have seen his woman with him. They treat each other with kindness and respect. I have never seen her treat him rudely. Each seems to want to please the other and, so far as I know, he *never* beats her! I think I'll try it with my lacking one' (wife)!

"'Well, well, those foreigners are a queer lot,' said Hakki. 'I've heard that the king of the Ingiliz (English) was nothing but a lacking one.'

"'Well, well, those things may do for *them*, but for us,' said Osman, as they were lighting the lanterns and putting on their shoes to depart, 'the good old way of an occasional beating is the best. It cools your own wrath and makes the women mighty silent and obedient.'"

In most villages there were no schools and in some not even a mosque with its hodja to call the people to prayer. Ofttimes the faces of men and women were dull and hard and bitter, and the crusaders would long to tell them of the love of Christ that they might be kinder to one another and happier. Under their red fezes with the dirty white kerchiefs bound about them, the faces of the men who were met along the caravan routes, driving the long strings of camels or donkeys, usually bore the same dull look; often they

were cruel or wicked as well. Occasionally a shrine by the roadside would add its bit to the same unhappy story. Built to mark the grave of some holy man it would be found curiously stuck up with little clay balls. The muleteer would explain that each ball represented a prayer made by some poor villager. If it had stuck to the wall the first time it was applied then the villager was sure his request would be granted, but if it fell to the ground he believed, so the muleteer would explain, that his prayer did the same.

In the cities despite the picturesqueness of the slender, silver-tipped minarets and the red tiled roofs when seen from a distance the crusaders found poverty and dirt and ignorance too. Though the women did not have to work so hard in the Moslem families which were well-to-do, they were kept shut up in their houses and had to wear a garment over their faces whenever at great intervals they went on the street. They were not allowed to go to public meetings and most of them could not read, because it was thought that they were incapable of learning.

Schools for a few of the boys would be found in mosques, a sure sign of their presence being a pile of tattered shoes piled up in confusion at the entrance, for Turkish shoes are never woın indoors. Even in these schools very little education was given except knowledge of writing and figuring. The only book used was the Koran and the boys sitting cross-legged on the floor, swaying back and

forth as they drawled the words, seldom understood its meaning. Nor did the teacher try to explain it. Though he might even have sent by a friend or by a pilgrim for a bottle of holy water from the pool at Mecca and given it to his pupils to drink that they might become cleverer,—using it to bathe in first himself of course,—they would still be very stupid scholars, many of them! Most people are stupid when they are not taught in the right way.

Whatever poverty and ignorance was found among Moslem people, however, it seems as if the crusaders must have found the Armenian, Greek, and Syrian Christians better off. Nevertheless it was not always so. The taxes demanded from Christians were so much heavier than those required of Turks and were often collected so unjustly that, despite their greater thrift and skill in handicrafts, the bulk of the people remained poor. After long years of oppression under the Turks most of their schools had been discontinued, and besides many families could not afford to send their children even where schools existed. Consequently there was nearly as much ignorance among the Christians as among the Turks, although far keener minds and more desire to learn when opportunity offered. Worse than this the churches to which these Christians belonged no longer helped their people to live better lives. The services were held in the language used centuries before so that the people who attended, and often the officiating priests, could not understand the prayers and

responses they offered. A leading priest was once known to ask a student who had studied one year in a mission school, "What remains for you to learn after studying a whole year?" Worship in most instances had become merely a form, and, although the Bible was greatly reverenced, few Christians had ever read it or knew about the kind of life Christ taught His followers to live. Even the priests often set an example of evil living for their flocks.

It is not strange, therefore, that many of the Christians, while they were ready to die rather than give up their religion, had gradually come to be dishonest and wicked in their living and that the women were treated almost as badly as the Moslem women. Nevertheless it was very distressing to the crusaders that these old churches which in early years had been pure and full of missionary spirit should now be such blind guides for their members, and that the Moslems should have so poor an example of Christianity set them.

Gradually after consulting with the people in America who were backing them, they worked out a "Plan of Campaign." In the first place they said, "The Turks will not listen to us now and never will until they see something in the lives of Christians which will make them want to hear about Jesus Christ, so we will try first of all to help improve the Greek, Syrian, and Armenian churches; and meantime we will make the most of every chance that offers to become friends with the

Turks and to convince them that Christ is a better Prophet than Mohammed. Then in the second place," they agreed, "the best tool we have for putting fresh life into the old churches and the best weapon we have against Islam is the Bible. If we can once get the Christian people themselves to read the words of Christ in a language they can understand they will begin to see that they are not living as He said, and the Moslems will discover how much better His words are than Mohammed's. And in the third place we must scatter over the whole country because the more people we meet the more will be willing to read."

According to this plan the crusaders went to work with a will. New recruits sailed every year and are still doing so, for these fighters do not intend to stop until their Commander has won the victory. Two or three families settled in one place like Cesarea, two or three more several days' journey away in other cities such as Marsovan, Sivas, and Harpoot, as well as a number on the coast at Constantinople and Smyrna and Beirut. Even now after all these years, and though there is to-day an army of over seven hundred men and women at work,* the groups of crusaders in some parts of the Turkish Empire are no nearer together than they would be in America if there were one group in New Haven, one at Albany, one in Portland, Maine, and one in Boston!

*Counting *all* missionaries in the entire Turkish Empire.

In one respect there was a harder time ahead than those who planned the crusade knew, for it was some of the Christians rather than the Turks who first proved themselves the bitterest foes. The Armenian and Greek priests did not wish the Bible to be translated into the everyday language of the people, and they honestly felt that this new version was not the true word of God. Yet ordinary folk could not read it in the old language of centuries before. When the missionaries had it translated and circulated the priests forbade its being used; if men disobeyed they were thrown into prison or banished into distant parts of the country. Often they lost their property in some mysterious way. At last they were put out of the churches altogether and forbidden to have any dealings with church members. At first the crusaders were at their wits' ends. They had not wished to start new churches but only to make better Christians in the old ones. Finally, however, twenty-six years after the first two men of whom we have spoken sailed from New York, their original plan had to be given up and they helped those who were still brave enough to insist on reading the Bible for themselves to form new churches which were called Protestant. From this time on there were not only Armenian and Greek Christians as well as Mohammedans in Turkey, but Protestant Christians too.

But there were other difficulties in the way of carrying out the crusaders' Plan of Campaign.

Although they were generally welcomed by a few people in each city, by most they were not wanted at all. Many more languages which they could not speak, besides the Turkish, Greek, and Armenian, had to be learned before the Bible could be ready for everyone in the country. Then, even after it was all ready and other helpful books had been translated, only comparatively few of the people could read them, and almost none of the women. Wherever the crusaders went they were stared at because they dressed so differently and had, oftentimes, white skin and yellow hair. Children were afraid of them and even men and women frequently believed that foreigners had the Evil Eye and could cast spells over those on whom they looked. Moreover many were so poor that though they might desire to go away to school so as to learn how to read they had no means of doing so. Besides the government did not let them journey about frequently from place to place as Americans do. They always had to secure passports first, and these were very hard to get as well as very costly.

How could the crusaders surmount such difficulties? How could this fear and indifference, this superstition and ignorance, be overcome? It was a hard problem even after a Plan of Campaign was decided upon. How would you have solved it?

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LEADER ON CHAPTER IV

By presenting a vivid picture of the missionary's work in a single station as told by the people among whom they live this chapter aims to set over against the children's answer to "What would *you* do?" the ways in which the crusaders are at this very minute actually working out the "Plan of Campaign" which they are represented as determining upon in the preceding chapter. The more seriously the children have been led to consider and discuss what they would have done had they been crusaders, the keener will be their interest in hearing what is actually taking place. Constantly through the program the leader should turn their thoughts to the crusaders themselves. It should be emphasized that the value of the work at Sivas is the result of their labor. Who were some of these men and women? how did they happen to be crusaders? were they once ordinary boys and girls like us? could we be crusaders? are some of the questions to be suggested in the course of the program as the connecting link between this chapter and the next. In other words let the thought of the missionary as the man who with God's help has quietly brought about the wonders of which the chapter tells shine through all parts of the program. The following use of Chapter IV is suggested:—

1. Hymn.
2. Prayer.
3. Review: Upon what "Plan of Campaign" did the crusaders decide and why?
4. Hymn.

5. Discussion: "What would you do?"
6. A tour of Investigation at Sivas.
   a. Bible Lesson: "Christ's Way of Campaigning," Matthew iv. 23-25.
   b. Persons interviewed.
      A boy from the Boys' School.
      A girl from the Girls' School.
      The Kindergartner.
      A Lace Maker.
      The Doctor.
      A Preacher in one of the villages.
7. Hymn.
8. Roll call and Business.
9. Hymn.

Necessary Helps: The map with Sivas added; if possible costumes for the speakers which can easily be improvised from the pictures, and a sample of lace work to show; pictures Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 26, 27.

NOTES ON PROGRAM

3. Bring out "Plan of Campaign" clearly but do not try to recall the details of the lesson before.

5. Let the children discuss freely for a few minutes. If they are reminded of the question when notices of the meeting are given out discussion will be readier. Let them do *all* the talking under this topic.

6. If possible have some outsider take charge of this tour and if desirable let him represent a missionary. After the Bible Lesson and some discussion of the journey to Sivas and the city itself, children repre senting the various characters (in costume or not) should be introduced, and may give either word for word or in substance the remarks quoted in the material of the chapter. The guide should supplement what they say.

8. If the society is not too large let each child answer to the roll call by saying which kind of work he would prefer to take charge of were he a crusader, whether school teaching, the organizing of churches, the visiting in the villages, the hospital work, the direction of lace work, etc. If material is where the children can have access to it, it would be a good plan to assign to each the name of some missionary who has done the kind of work which the child expresses himself as preferring, this missionary to be reported on at the next meeting. Or another good scheme would be to urge each child to discover the name of some missionary to Turkey and something about him for use in the next lesson.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT THE CRUSADERS HAVE DONE

It has been ninety-four years since the first crusaders left America for Turkey and nearly as many since their "Plan of Campaign" was marked out. In these years hundreds of earnest, gifted men and women have been hard at work, filled with love of Christ and love for His children in Turkey whether Christian or Moslem, convinced that only through knowledge of Him could they individually,—and their country as a whole,—be lifted to a higher plane of thought and life. These crusaders began and have carried on various activities with this end in view. Facing the difficulties which they faced, a mere handful scattered among millions of indifferent, only half friendly or openly hostile people, what means did they adopt to win the crusade for their King?

In the missionary activity of a single station to-day can be seen, brought together and developed, most of the different methods and means which have proved themselves successful in the past ninety-three years. If we can enter into the life of a single station, therefore, we shall understand the beginnings which the first crusaders made and the things which the army that fol-

lowed has been doing on a bigger and bigger scale ever since.

Sivas, a city of some seventy-five thousand inhabitants, is situated in Central Asia, three days over the mountains from Cesarea and about twelve from Constantinople. Out of the many stations scattered over the length of the land suppose we select this as presenting a fairly typical picture of the way the crusade is being conducted, and visit it to investigate a bit.

It has taken us a long time to zigzag up the mountain roads in our *araba* or hooded wagon, but here we are at last with the city spread out before us, the yellow-brown mud walls of the poorer quarters in the foreground, the white plastered walls and the red tile roofs of the better quarters a little to the left, and a forest of minarets and slender green poplars rising in all directions. On one side stand bare brown mountains while on the other fresh green fields stretch away to a river and are backed by another ragged range.

Once past the long string of fifty or a hundred camels, tied each to the one in front and waiting just outside to be relieved of their load of kerosene oil, we find ourselves in the midst of a narrow city street. Black mud is beneath our feet, blank mud walls on either hand, and between them a crowd of half-naked children, curious women, lumbering ox-carts, sleepy donkeys, yelping dogs and squawking hens! Here are

two young mothers with their children and their knitting enjoying the spring sunshine in the sheltered corner of the sidewalk, while just beyond is the breadman, his big, rough basket on his back and a bright kerchief on his head, passing on his daily round of customers. He will probably stop at the missionary's house to leave what we shall help to eat later on. Over there by that corner grocery stand, where you may buy almost anything from fruit and vegetables to glass bracelets and buttons, is a group of villagers who have come early in the morning to bargain and barter and exchange gossip with their city friends. Notice the black and white checkered *charshafs* or sheets which the Turkish women wear to cover their heads and faces.

Now you must prepare to jump an open four-foot sewer which, quite unashamed and unguarded, makes its way across the main thoroughfare. Beyond it, seated on the sidewalk against a sunny wall, we pass a row of vegetable vendors, their box of turnips and onions close at hand. That man just ahead in the long, black, flowing robe and tall black hat with the square top is an Armenian priest of the old Gregorian Church. A Moslem hodja, or teacher, would wear a long dark robe too, but a white turban on his head. Within the mosque to the left of us, with its beautiful minarets, is a sort of theological school for young Moslem hodjas. Some of the fifty young men who meet here daily are

apparently earnest and devout, but many bear plainly stamped on their faces the moral blight of a degrading and deadening faith. Such students are quite unlike the clean looking Greek and Armenian fellows in the boys' school connected with the mission. Suppose we look in there for a minute and see the lively boys who attend. Here is Krikor Agha just out from the school session.

"I was just going to do a few tricks on the flying rings," he says, in answer to our question, "but that can wait if you really want to know about the school and us boys. You can see some of the pupils over there in the yard by the wood pile jumping rope, and there are three of the biggest ones standing on the horizontal bar next to the flying rings. Those who are just going into the little building where the kitchen and dining rooms are, belong to the orchestra which has a practice room upstairs. There are nearly twenty fellows in it and most of the rest of us want to be! Nishan Effendi Berkian is a splendid music teacher and we are very proud of the work which the orchestra does. Over on the other side of the yard is the dormitory and study room. You ought to see the place at night after the beds are made up. With the woolen mattresses and comforters spread out on the floor for the fifty of us who board at the school you can hardly pick your way between them, they are so crowded!

"The school buildings are down the street farther. Sessions for the little fellows have to be held in the chapel which is in almost constant use between the school, the regular church services and the lectures which are given there. Then there is another building for the middle school—probably you would call it the grammar grades. There are one hundred and thirty-six of us in the normal school which is of high school rank only that it includes one year of college work. There would be many more if there were room, and six times as many if our families weren't so poor! In my family, for instance, two of my brothers have had to be apprenticed to learn trades without any more than the primary schooling they could get in the village where we live twenty miles from Sivas. I earn all the money I can in the cabinet shop connected with the normal school so as to pay my tuition and board. We make chairs, tables, desks, and, in fact, all kinds of furniture. This next year we're even going to turn out the doors and windows for the new school building which is being put up for us on the hill. Some of the boys work in the bookbindery to help themselves, another runs a little stationery store, and then there is the laundry and tailor's shop as well.

"We learn just the same kind of things you do,—English and Armenian, physics, geometry, algebra, and arithmetic, Bible, and a lot of other subjects,—though everything is not done the way you would

do it. Those long rows of shelves by the door, for instance, are not for books as you might suppose, but for shoes. We always take ours off indoors and walk round in our thick woolen socks. Upstairs in the library there are shelves for books though. It is the only library in Sivas, too, and I suppose few of us would have had the chance to read any of the books there or to have gone to school at all if your splendid "Quiet Crusaders" weren't here to make it possible. When I get through school I hope to be a teacher and perhaps a preacher myself so as to help other poor fellows who want an education, and to bring about better conditions for my people and my country."

If we visit in the Assembly Room when the boys are all together we shall find that they have faces just as intelligent and earnest as American boys, only of a darker color. The older pupils who have been in the school some years are fairly neat in appearance, but the clothes of the others are ragged, though much patched, and decidedly nondescript. It is no disgrace in Turkey to be out at the elbows and down at the heels. The children of the rich are often exactly as dirty and just as literally rag bags as are those of the poor. The fellows from this school are going to make fine men. Wherever they go, or whatever work they take up after graduation, they will be splendid Christian leaders for their people. The crusaders, wise men that they were, early discovered that they must teach the boys and girls if they wanted

men and women able to help in the crusade. But suppose we hear what one of the girls at the girls' school has to say.

"There are two hundred of us in our girls' high school and five hundred more in Christian schools through the city. Some of us come from villages a long way off—it takes two days, for instance, to reach my home. If it seems strange to you that I should have to come so far let me explain that there is no other high school for girls in all our section of the country, which is as big as Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts put together. As you can well imagine, very few girls can come so far. Probably I should not be here if our village did not very much need a teacher for the little boys and girls. There are not enough teachers to go around in Turkey, you know. I heard Mr. Partridge say that last year they had to refuse thirty-seven requests for teachers from villages ready to pay the entire salary. When we could not get anyone for our school, the missionary persuaded our church to send me here so that I could learn to be a teacher and might then go back. They brought me down one day when there were logs to be taken to market. I was very much frightened as the ox-cart drove into the market place amid all the confusion of donkeys and camels and pack-horses and men buying wheat and wood and vegetables, bales of cloth, sacks of sugar and all the other things which are brought to Sivas for sale. Right close by me at one side of the square was a row of

barbers, too! And at first I was frightened to be among so many strange girls in the school, but soon they made me feel very much at home and now if I were not anxious to begin to help the people in my village I should like to stay here all my life.

"But you want me to show you the school, do you not? A Turkish official who once visited us was simply amazed to see girls doing difficult algebra and geometry problems, for many Turks think women cannot even be taught to read, but you will not be surprised that we learn these and other studies like botany, physics, and history. All our time is not spent on books, however. Saturday is house cleaning and washing day. Then we take off our school dresses and don our village clothes —big, baggy trousers and odd aprons—so as to get our cleaning and laundry done as easily as possible. We have lessons in cooking, too, and in dressmaking. This winter we have been making a cookbook, and just now we are hard at work sewing on some blue dresses which the junior class is to wear on the Seniors' Class Day. I should like you to come out to visit in my village some day after I return. Will you?"

In one of the downstairs rooms of the girls' school building is a kindergarten. Here comes the kindergartner, a graduate of this girls' school who went for a time to study at Cesarea and has now come back to have charge of this work. "Oh, I have about eighty little tots here now,"

she answers when we ask. "But many more would come if only I could make room for them. They are the dearest children! You could not help but love them with their big dark eyes, their faded calico frocks and bare brown feet. At first they don't know very much about playing. I have to teach them how and I have to teach them to be clean, too. But sometimes they teach me things. There is little Varseneg, for instance. She came to us one icy day in the middle of winter with nothing but a ragged blue shawl over her head, and seemed not to mind her frozen hands, so anxious was she to help her sick mother. We found the mother lying in rags shivering and very hungry, for the father had not been able to earn more than two cents for several days and there were other children in the family. Since the wife was brought to the hospital on her husband's back, Varseneg has had to be housekeeper. All she has to eat is dry bread for breakfast and again for lunch and cooked wheat for supper. But at the kindergarten you would never know that she is hungry for she is happy as the day is long."

Across the hall is another interesting place called the handwork room. Here is a poor woman just coming out. "My husband was killed when the Turks made their crusade against us fifteen years ago," she says. "They took all our money and cattle, even carried away our clothes and burned our houses. There was no place for us to live and no food for my children to

eat. After a little while the missionaries, who were like angels to us in those days, said that if we would make lace they would have it sold for us in America, and so we could earn bread. There is nothing for women to do in this country if they have lost their husbands and have no money. So all these years I have been making collars and doilies and handkerchiefs so that we might live and little Sarah might go to school. There are many other unfortunate women, widows like myself, who get work here, too."

Sometimes the women who come presumably for handwork are really out looking for brides for their sons, however, for in Turkey the young people have very little to say about their marriage. The mothers of sons hunt about for a girl who takes their fancy, and ask her parents for her. The bride always goes to live with her husband's family, and is first and foremost the slave and drudge of the household, only incidentally a wife, so that the would-be mother-in-law is eager to know the floor-scrubbing and bread-making abilities of all the possible "brides" in the vicinity. Such women have to be politely but firmly escorted out of the compound gate, for the missionaries do not want their girls taken out of school to be married!

The little group just coming in is not of this kind, however. They are Moslems, instead of Greeks or Armenians, and are a part of the constant stream of all kinds of people going to and

from the hospital every hour in the day. Perhaps the doctor who has just finished the day's operations, and is on his way to the dispensary before it closes for the afternoon, will tell us who they are.

"Ah, they have come to carry Ahmet home," he replies to our inquiry about the sad-faced group. "He is our little old man, eight years old, upon whose wrinkled-up face there never was a smile when he first came here, and who answered our question 'Why?' with 'Because the laughs don't come.' He has had two operations, and is no better, except that sometimes he smiles now. We can make him well if we take off a leg, but his old, blind granny, who is all the family he has, thinks that would be a disgrace worse than death.

"But you will be more interested in a conversation I had this morning with a woman from a distant village. She has been ill for months, but rather than take the trouble to bring her down to Sivas for the proper treatment, the family have been using their own remedies. The last one consisted in wrapping her in the skin of a newly killed cow. Now that she is here at last, and has some relief from her pain, she wants to know why all her children have sore eyes. The nurse told her that if she kept their faces clean and the flies away the eyes would be better, and that sometime she must bring them to the dispensary for me to look at.

"'Not let the flies get on them?' she said. 'Flies are everywhere. What can *I* do?' The nurse replied that she must wash the children's faces several times a day, and cover them with a thin cloth when they slept; that flies carry poison on their feet. But at that point she interrupted with, 'No, lady, flies have poison on their wings, not their feet. One wing carries the poison and the other the antidote, so if only one wing falls into your soup it is very dangerous, but if both wings fall in it doesn't matter at all.' It will take a long time for even my authority as doctor to convince her of the truth. There are no less than four patients in the hospital at this very minute whose eyes will never see again, but whose sight might have been saved had it been cared for in even the simplest ways.

"But I must not forget to tell you of Abdullah, who was found at the gate some days ago nearly dead with cholera. When told this morning that he might now go he asked for the names of nurse and doctor on a card. 'What for?' we inquired. 'To wear about my neck and place on the walls of my home in my distant country,' he answered. And when we tried to laugh off the request he insisted until we gave in. He tried to kiss our feet as he went out and he thanked us in the most beautiful words I have ever heard.

"There is no part of our work which helps us crusaders to come in touch with the Moslems more than this hospital. Through it they come to know

and to trust us and we have a chance for the little time that they stay to tell them of Christ's gospel. Afterwards they are our friends wherever they go, and often the new ways they learn at the hospital enable them to help others in their home villages."

It is not enough for us to see the work done in the city of Sivas, however, for like all mission stations, that place is a center from which work in many smaller cities and villages is stimulated. In this way the crusaders from the very first have been able to reach many more than those people living in the same city with them. In the district called the Sivas Field there are about seven hundred thousand people scattered in a few other cities and in some seven hundred villages of less than a thousand inhabitants each. From time to time a missionary visits the native preachers in these smaller places. Suppose we go along on one of his trips. The route takes us past the Sivas church building where services are held day after day all through the year and in whose rooms one of the five Sunday schools within Sivas city meets. Every worshiper at the church constitutes a center of light from whose life a new conception of the way in which Jesus would have us live gradually develops in the minds of neighbors. Our journey takes us for many hours up hill and down hill, through other villages where people are hard at work getting their cracked wheat out to dry on the house roofs and across vast stretches of sunburned field. But here we are at last by the

village fountain where the girls are filling their big stone jars and here around two or three corners is the preacher's house. He comes out to welcome us and superintends the unloading of beds, boxes, mattresses, etc., from our pack horses, while his wife takes us upstairs to a curtained corner in the schoolhouse where we are to stay, so that we may refresh ourselves. Afterwards we see the baby of the home whose feet and arms are tightly bound by strips of blue and white cloth, the swaddling bands like those Jesus wore. The mother, who has been a teacher in one of our girls' schools, says that *she* thought it would be better for baby's arms and legs to be left free but her mother-in-law would not permit. And then she sighs a little.

After we have eaten supper with them the preacher tells us of the time when the Turkish crusaders came and burned the village and how he, himself, was thrown into prison on a false charge but was able during the days spent in that wretched, squalid place to tell the other prisoners —wild, simple, village fellows—of the love of Christ. "They burned our church and school-house," he says, "but a new church is being built now, larger than the old one, and we have raised nearly all the money for it ourselves. To-morrow you shall see the children studying. Such clean, bright faces as they have and such interest as they show in their lessons, even though they are packed in very tightly and two or three have

to use the same book! On the way you will see the work being done on the new church, too. The young men are laying the stones high up on the wall and the older girls carry mortar in hods up the ladder. If there is time we can visit in some of the houses also. You will find that wherever the mothers have had the opportunity of going away to school before marriage, the homes are more neatly kept and the family life is sweeter and happier. In the evening we will take you to the meeting to be held in the schoolroom. I suppose it will look strange to you, unused to Turkish ways, to see the men on one side and the women on the other all seated on the floor. It is like a great sea of red fezes, bright kerchiefs, and upturned dark eyes, but you shall see how earnest they are. On the day after we can go out to a smaller village an hour's walk away, and you can visit the school we're starting there and see the little boy and girl we have already picked out to be sent away to high schools when they are older, and trained as teachers for this hamlet. Afterward the village women will bring their babies to a mothers' meeting and you and my wife can talk to them about cleanliness, about flies and sore eyes, and about the best way to take care of a home and feed little children. Many of these older women are learning to read and they say that some, even of the Moslem women, are beginning to ask to be read to out of our 'Book' and so are quietly coming to know Jesus."

. Sure enough in the two days which we spend at the village before starting back again for Sivas we see all these things and many more which make us realize how different are some, at least, of the villages from those which the early crusaders found when the quiet Crusade was just beginning nearly a century ago.

On our return our missionary tells us of still other methods by which the fight is being carried on in the city—of the orphanage where some of the boys and girls left helpless through the death of their parents are taken care of and trained to self-support, and how the kindness of the crusaders toward the children has won them the good-will of many people. He tells us, to, of the churches and Sunday schools all over the city, of the missionary work which they are doing, of the Christian Endeavor Societies and the Y. M. C. A. which the crusaders and other helpers have worked to establish in Sivas. The lecture courses given in the chapel, the stereopticon talks,—sometimes about travel, often illustrative of some Bible story, especially of the life of Christ,—the mothers' meetings, are each described, and he tells us how in some cities clubs with libraries and classes of various sorts have been started in such a way that the Mohammedan young men are joining quite freely and beginning to read Christian books. You know, he continues, another way by which the crusaders have always fought is the printing and selling of books. In several of the stations, though

not at Sivas, there are printing presses belonging to the missions which, although interfered with from time to time in past years by the government, have published hundreds of millions of pages in all the different languages spoken in the Turkish empire. It is these presses which have made it possible to distribute Bibles in a language which the people can read and to provide books for our schools and libraries.

With our return to Sivas, which ends for the time being our investigation into the methods of the Quiet Crusade, let us place side by side the "Plan of Campaign" which the early Crusaders sketched and the methods by which they and their successors have sought to work it out. By scattering all over the country they have come in contact with many thousands of people. By living in the very midst of these people, by helping the sick and the poor, by talking with them both about their everyday concerns and about the higher things of life, by opening schools where the children could be taught, by being helpful and absolutely honest in all their dealings, they have come to be recognized invariably as friends. Through the schools where both boys and girls learn to read themselves and are made ready to teach others also, through the translating of the Bible into every language, the printing of thousands of copies and the distribution of these among the friendly, in hospital and home, in school and by the roadside, they have succeeded in getting thousands to read Christ's own

words, until to-day the Bible is an open and much read book both among Moslems and among members of the old Christian churches. The reading of the Bible thus brought to pass, the moral teaching of the schools, the impress of the crusaders' own lives, have revolutionized the manner of living of thousands. The standards of the old Christian churches have been raised and there has been brought to many Moslems a new conception of what true Christianity is.

What kind of many men and women have been able to accomplish all this? The mapping out and conducting of such a quiet and yet gigantic, far-reaching campaign must have required far-sighted wisdom, courageous faith, and patient industry. Of what sort have these men and women been, these Christian crusaders of modern days?

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER FOR CHAPTER V

An impression of the type of people who early joined the Quiet Crusade has already been given in Chapter III. This chapter aims to deepen that impression by presenting more definite, detailed accounts of several individuals. If time admits the leader need not limit herself to the two sketches here. Material on Goodell, Schauffler and other pioneers is accessible in almost any library; though it is more difficult to secure accounts of recent missionaries.

The leader's task goes a step beyond the arousing of admiration for American crusaders however. True missionary spirit forbids any sense of superiority over those whom one desires to help, yet a tendency toward this attitude will probably be found in the children. Therefore the stories of Armenian crusaders should receive much emphasis.

Again since the thought of this whole book has been to present missionary work in Turkey as a definite crusade, begun at a definite time, for definite reasons, with a definite end in view, we shall do well to lead up in this chapter to the consideration of the end of the crusade, and in doing so to present progress and prospects of final victory. Upon these our last lesson must center. A stepping-stone will be found in the point illustrated throughout, that one crusader always makes another, and he another and another. End the lesson with such queries as, "There must be many crusaders by this time? How nearly do you think the victory is won? Do you suppose there is need for any more American crusaders? Do you think that there are still young men and women in this country brave enough to be crusaders if they are needed?"

The following program is suggested:—

1. Hymn.
2. Prayer.
3. Business.
4. Special music.
5. Review: What ways of fighting did the "Quiet Crusaders" find?
6. Roll call.
7. A man who always did whatever he undertook.
8. The woman whom Ibrahim Pasha honored.
9. Hymn.
10. Zenope's choice.
11. Links in a chain of Crusaders.
12. Bible Lesson: Matthew iv. 18–22; Matthew xxviii. 1–8, 16, 17a.
13. Hymn.

Necessary Helps: Map showing Constantinople, Oorfa, Aintab and a village on the Tigris. Pictures Nos. 23, 24, 21, 6.

NOTES ON PROGRAM

5. Make this brief and gradually lead the children's thoughts toward the fighters themselves.

6. If practicable have each child answer with the name of some "quiet crusader" in Turkey, or with some fact or incident connected with one of them which helps to show the kind of men and women they have always been.

7, 8, 10, 11. Four older people should tell these stories, the leader simply announcing the title of each. It is important that the same person should not give them all. If one of the older children is good at story telling he or she might tell about Zenope or the first part of the story of Saidee.

12. Have the children discover and tell in what respect the people in the Bible reading are like crusaders, *i. e.*; that they quickly told their good news and their hearers worshiped with them. This furnishes opening for emphasis on the making of new crusaders and for the leader's final questions.

CHAPTER V

STORIES OF CRUSADERS

THE things which crusaders have brought to pass here and there throughout Turkey we have come to understand from our visit in Sivas. But of the men and women, themselves, whose lives have been the instruments by which God has wrought such marvelous changes, we have heard little. That they have been courageous and fearless, resourceful and tireless, faithful in the midst of great odds, there can be no question. But a closer glimpse of the lives of two or three will show us more clearly than any list of adjectives, the personal qualities of the men and women who began and have carried forward the Quiet Crusade. We shall find that they are worthy of all honor.

Choice has been made of Cyrus Hamlin and Corinna Shattuck, not because their service was more heroic or more effective than that of many another missionary, but because material about them has been easily accessible and they readily illustrate qualities which boys and girls most appreciate.

A MAN WHO ALWAYS DID WHATEVER HE UNDERTOOK

The bell which marked the close of the lesson period sounded. Professor Smyth's class of boys

at Bowdoin College filed slowly out of the room. Some looked puzzled, others utterly discouraged; none of them had understood the lecture which had been upon the steam engine. It was in the year 1833 when this machine now so common was just coming into use. In all the state of Maine one could not have been found; few of the bewildered class had ever seen anything of the sort.

One clear-faced young fellow lingered behind the others. He had been brought up on a farm in Waterford, had spend two years and six months as an apprentice in a silversmith's shop at Portland, and had come to college because friends who watched his work in the apprentices' evening school were convinced that he ought to be studying for the ministry and offered to supply part of the money needed for a college course.

"I believe I could make an engine that would make anyone see its working, sir," the young man said thoughtfully as the professor looked up at him. "I think you can make anything you undertake, Hamlin," was the prompt reply, "and I wish you would try it." Three months later, after what he terms the hardest work of his life, Cyrus Hamlin presented to the college a complete, condensing engine, the first one ever made in Maine, and entirely fashioned by his own hands in the corner of a clock-maker's shop!

"I believe you can make anything you undertake," the professor had said, but even he little realized the future which lay ahead of Cyrus

Hamlin, or that the steam engine builder was to make a great American College in Constantinople and through that college to influence all the history of Turkey. For this young man had just decided to become a missionary—what reason could he give to God for not being a missionary if he were going to be a minister of the gospel, was his way of looking at it. Although Africa was his desired field, and this he later changed to China at the doctor's bidding, in the end the American Board, the Society which was to send him out, selected Turkey as his field and bade him start a school at Constantinople.

Early in the year 1839 he and his wife arrived in that city. They settled down with the other crusaders very quickly and spent the first year or two in trying to master the language. This was just the time when opposition to the crusaders on the part of the old Armenian Church was strongest, so the Hamlins had great difficulties in keeping a teacher. The first two whom they employed were soon arrested by the authorities on some pretext or other and when Dr. Schauffler, one of their colleagues, hastened to the Russian ambassador to protest against such treatment toward Mesrobe, who was a Russian Armenian, he was answered very haughtily with, "I might as well tell you now, Mr. Schauffler, that the Emperor of Russia, who is my master, will never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey." We cannot help but feel proud of Dr. Schauffler's spirit as he drew

himself up and replied with quiet dignity, "Your Excellency, the Kingdom of Christ who is my master, will never ask the Emperor of all the Russias where it may set its foot."

It was with just this same spirit that Mr. Hamlin persisted in his work despite difficulties, and, in November, 1840, having gained a fair use of Armenian, opened Bebek Seminary in one of Constantinople's suburbs. The first year there were twelve pupils and more would have come had there been room. Though the head of the Armenian Church forced the school to close for a time, the crusaders would not be daunted, and when the patriarch's attention was distracted by political troubles, quietly opened it again.

Since many of the students who came had to give up all connection with their families and brave persecution from their friends, they had practically no money with which to clothe themselves and so presented a very ragged appearance. To meet this difficulty and enable them to earn money with which to dress properly Mr. Hamlin opened a workshop in connection with the school and taught his students to make sheet-iron stoves and stovepipes for two or three hours each day. Meanwhile because there were few text-books in Armenian, he had in many subjects to be text-book himself as well as teacher, so you can imagine that these were very busy days for him.

But there was still another trouble. When any families outside the school accepted the teachings

of the crusaders and persisted in reading their Bibles for themselves they were immediately boycotted by all their neighbors. There was Hovesep, the tailor, for instance, who became partially insane because he could get no work with which to support his family. Mr. Hamlin decided that the crusaders must somehow find work for such men and he himself showed Hovesep how to make American rat-traps. There was nothing of the kind in Constantinople, but there were millions of rats, so soon the rat-trap sellers became very popular and many families earned support by making these wares. Rat-traps could not supply all the work necessary, however, and so the man who always found a way to do what he thought ought to be done looked about for something more. He found that the grinding of all the wheat used in the city was done by horse power. If a steam mill could be started, and a bakery, they might prove a gold mine for these unemployed Armenians. He, himself, knew nothing about milling or bread-making, and most people, even the other crusaders, thought his idea too wild to be considered. A few believed, as had Professor Smyth at Bowdoin, in his power to do whatever he undertook however, and they advanced money for starting the mill. The next steps were to get the engine from America, to set it up and to obtain a permit from the government, which at first tried to stop the proceeding. At last all was in readiness. The bread proved so good and the demand for it so large

that many of the Protestants who were out of work easily found employment in making it. When war broke out between Russia and England it was to the missionary Hamlin that the English hospital doctors turned for bread for their wounded soldiers. But not only was work thus provided for those in need and the English army supplied with good bread, but quite unintentionally Mr. Hamlin earned several thousand dollars as well. Every cent of this was spent in building churches in those towns where the Protestant groups were big enough to need a building in which to worship. Thirteen churches in all came out of his bakery oven!

Meanwhile Bebek Seminary was not suffering, however, for Mr. Hamlin was first and foremost a missionary at work for Christ in his school. Although he had opportunity to become a rich man if only he would give all his time to business enterprises, he stoutly refused. After a good many years it seemed wise to move the Seminary, which by that date had grown into quite a large school, to Marsovan, and Mr. Hamlin then gave himself over to the starting of an American College in Constantinople. He secured a splendid site overlooking the Bosphorus, but then the government refused to give him permission to erect a suitable college building. Most people thought he would never secure it since the Turkish officials were greatly opposed to the starting of such an institution. But Mr. Hamlin, as usual, would not give in. He started his college—called Robert College,

after a Mr. Robert of New York who supplied much of the necessary money—in the buildings where Bebek Seminary had been. Many young men came from the very first and when at last, after no less than ten years of effort, permission to build was granted and the great stone structure overlooking the city was erected, a flourishing college was all ready to move into it!

Ever since its founding the college has had a wide influence in training young men of every nationality and from many parts of Turkish territory. Many a boy and girl in cities and villages all over the land where schools have been started through the influence of graduates of this college owe their chance to study to Cyrus Hamlin! And the new Turk Crusade could certainly not have been accomplished so soon had it not been for the young men taught in his college. So widely has one missionary's influence spread. If ever you visit Constantinople you will see the college rising proudly on the cliffs far above the water of the Bosphorus, a monument to the crusader who accomplished whatever he undertook to do and who gave his life in order to bring Christ to the people of Turkey.

THE WOMAN WHOM IBRAHIM PASHA HONORED

It is said that Ibrahim Pasha, great Arabic sheik that he was, rich in swift horses and countless followers, would never rise to his feet in deference to any man nor of course to any Arab woman. For

was there not a proverb perfectly expressing his contempt for womankind which said, "Take your wife's advice once in forty times!" Yet, nevertheless, there was one American lady before whom even Ibrahim Pasha always stood instinctively. And this meant more from him than even the gift of a beautiful gray colt which he gave her in token of the peace he promised to keep in the villages where she worked.

Just to look at Miss Corinna Shattuck, the little, pale missionary lady of Oorfa, you would never have guessed what a mighty crusader she was. She had lost all the use of one lung and was supposed to be doing only half work. But had you looked about the mission station and seen all that she helped to bring to pass after the dreadful time of the Turkish Crusade against the Christians, and had you heard the story of how she saved sixty unarmed men who were being sought for by the Moslem soldiers by stealthily packing them into the schoolhouse with a bit of bread and water to last for the next twenty-four hours and then keeping the key hidden in her clothes, you would not have wondered at Ibrahim Pasha's respect! There was the girls' high school for instance which she helped to start. There was the school for blind children very few of whom ever have a chance to go to school in Turkey. Then there were the orphanages which she opened for the boys and girls whose parents had been killed in the crusade. She had to plan work and play and study for more than

a hundred of them. Close by was the embroidery department where there came to be more than twenty-four hundred girls and women employed in making handkerchiefs. Without these they would have had no way of earning food for themselves and their children after their husbands were killed. The industrial work in connection with the boys' school was the result of her wisdom too; and the boys learning to make shoes and clothes and furniture, to do iron work and to farm in the best way, were good proof of her courage and her ability as captain in the Quiet Crusade.

She often had need for that courage you may be sure, but perhaps never more than when she played the part of peacemaker. The land which her boys were cultivating in partnership with some Arabs was twenty-five miles away from Oorfa. Hamed, a young Arab fellow, was in charge of the work, and without him the younger boys could not remain in the villages. But one day an urgent message was delivered to Miss Shattuck saying that several years before some one in Hamed's tribe had killed a man in a neighboring tribe and now that Hamed was grown the "avenger" was on his trail. It made no difference that the young man himself was innocent. According to Arab law the tribe whose member had been slain had the right to seek out and kill some man in the tribe responsible for the wrong. In this case Hamed had been chosen. The sheik had promised safety "till the end of the harvest" and that was all!

Instantly everybody said Miss Shattuck must go and arrange with the sheik for this man's pardon. Though no one in the country had ever done such a thing before, she did not falter for an instant. "White-top," the springless wagon, was brought out. Hagopjan, her servant, and his aunt climbed in with Miss Shattuck; Avedis, the driver, took his place, and they were soon off over a road so stony that the cart jolted furiously this way and that, as if it were shaking its head in protest against its mission!

All went well until, about half after eight in the evening, they were suddenly surrounded by a group of white-dressed Arabs. When the spokesman had a chance to make himself heard above the confusion, it turned out that no harm was meant, however, but that they were inviting Miss Shattuck's party to stop till daybreak in their big black tent. When she directed Hagopjan to accept, they showed hospitality still further by killing a lamb and preparing a feast which all ate together by moonlight.

Soon after sunrise the party stopped again to eat bread and *yoghourt* at Bir Boraz, one of their own villages, and there they learned that the sheik was away at the city. There was nothing to be done but for Miss Shattuck to go direct to the "demanders of blood" who were seeking Hamed's life! Screwing up her courage and taking with her some of the head men, Hamed's aged brother, and a cousin of the "blood demanders" themselves,

she made her way straight to the house where the family lived. At first, after the glare of the fierce sun without, it was impossible to see anything in the narrow, mud-walled, mud-floored hut which she entered. Gradually, however, she could make out, lined up upon one side, a pale, glassy-eyed woman lying on her bed, the mother of the man who had been killed, her husband, a son, and several cousins. Directly opposite were the men whom she herself had brought and many others gathering out of curiosity.

With a prayer in her heart that God would help her to say the right thing the little missionary lady began the conversation. "I have come for a special purpose," she said bravely. "You are seeking the life of Hamed in revenge for your fine son and I am here to beg you to grant pardon for him, not for three months nor a few years, but for always." Then she added a little more and waited. The father poured forth a volley of fierce words and the mother slowly raised herself in her bed, staring strangely at the visitor. Would she agree to the proposal? Others joined excitedly in the talking and then again Miss Shattuck spoke quietly, pleading, pleading for a definite pardon. She kept her eyes fixed on the poor mother and tried to have them express all the love she felt for these poor unhappy "blood demanders." At last the sick woman pressed her hand to her breast. "I grant it," she said, and after her, one by one, the father and the brother and the cousins agreed also. For

a half minute there was silence. Hamed's aged brother arose, went across the room and kissed the father and the other men. "Our work seems done," he said to his companions, "let us thank God and go."

"Ah!" said the father slowly, "she has come all this distance. Would not anyone yield to her?"

When it was found how well Miss Shattuck had accomplished her mission another household begged her help in settling a similar dispute, and before she reached home again this one brave crusader had brought peace to many people in whose hearts and homes there had been strife.

"The road back did not seem half so jolty," she smilingly told the others at the Oorfa Station, "perhaps because I was so happy."

One important reason why the crusaders have done so much in Turkey during these last ninety-three years is to be found in the fact that very many of the people whom they went to help have turned about and joined the crusading army. There are far more Armenians and Greeks and Syrians in the "Quiet Crusade" to-day than there are Americans! We must not leave them out of account when we are seeking to find out what kind of people the crusaders have been.

ZENOPE

There was Zenope, for instance. He was one of the young men who came to Bebek Seminary

when Cyrus Hamlin first started it. His mother had died several years before and his father was very intemperate—Zenope never saw him after his entrance into the school—so you can imagine that his home life was not very helpful.

In the course of several years at the school two important things happened in the life of this Armenian boy. He developed a great interest in chemistry and showed much skill in experiments, always discovering something new. He also became a disciple of Christ and an earnest student of the Bible.

One day he asked Mr. Hamlin what the mixture was for making Ramazan torpedoes. These are pebbles covered with an explosive mixture. During the month of Ramazan every Turkish boy has his pocket full and hurls them along the cobblestone pavement so that they crack at every touch. To Mr. Hamlin's inquiry as to what he wished to do, Zenope answered, "The poor carpenter Carabet wants to return to his village on the Euphrates River and has not money enough for his expenses. If I knew that mixture I could find beautiful pebbles and he could sell them easily."

Mr. Hamlin gave his pupil one or two suggestions and Zenope went to work. Although his fingers were soon hurt in an experiment, he would not give up, and finally three days later Carabet was seen on the street with a whole basket full of excellent torpedoes. Thus with Zenope's help he very soon earned enough to return home.

This instance and others like it led Mr. Hamlin to think that Zenope ought to go to England and study to become a manufacturing chemist. After some correspondence just the right place was found in the establishment of a manufacturer of drugs, and Mr. Hamlin was assured that if the boy proved worthy he should be helped to establish a plant in Constantinople.

But when Zenope was told of the wonderful opportunity open for him in just the kind of work he most loved, with honor and wealth and influence sure to come from it, he shook his head firmly and said, "You are a father to me, Dr. Hamlin, but I cannot do this. When I knew Christ as my Saviour I made a covenant with Him that if He would help me through I would devote my life as a teacher to my poor countrymen, the Armenians."

Dr. Hamlin bade him think the matter over, but his mind did not change. He would not "go back on" his covenant no matter how alluring the offered position. When his education at Bebek Seminary was completed Zenope took caravan to Aintab and there became a teacher on a salary many, many times smaller than he might have had in the drug business. Though he possessed so little money, however, he was rich in influence and many were the young men whom he helped. When Aintab College was founded he was recognized as having prepared the way for it, and even to this day the memory of his short life—for he lived only six or

seven years—is still a blessing through all the Aintab region.

LINKS IN A CHAIN OF CRUSADERS

Hundreds of crusaders like Zenope sprang up and still are springing up in every part of the Ottoman Empire. Only a few years ago Mr. Browne was preaching in a large village on the Tigris River, at the junction of the Bouton, not in a church as you might suppose, for as yet there was no church in that far-away section of wild Kurdistan, but in the largest stable which the place afforded. This meant that in the very midst of his sunset sermon, down amongst the audience came a motley string of animals seeking their mangers in the inner stable behind the speaker! Yet the eyes of a young girl sitting at the very front of the room never wavered during this interruption, so intent was she upon the words of the sermon. She was barefoot, the missionary noticed, and scantily dressed, some fourteen years old, perhaps, but with eyes so bright that he felt no surprise when she came to him on the river bank after the service was over and kissing his hand in eastern courtesy said, "Missionary, I too gave my heart to Jesus Christ to-day and I want to serve Him as long as I live. And now I want to go to your Jesus school to learn to read His words and to know more about Him. Then I will come back here and teach the women and children, for now there is no one in

the village who can read or show us how to live aright."

So eager was she that as Mr. Browne sadly gave her the answer he was so often obliged to make, "Ah, my daughter, we have no room for you and no money to help care for you thère," she turned away sobbing as if her heart would break. Then suddenly a new light came into her face. "Missionary," she exclaimed, "may I ask you one question more?" And when Mr. Browne agreed, this is what she said. "Supposing Jesus Christ were here in your place, and supposing a poor, ignorant girl like me should come to Him and ask to go to His school, so as to learn more about His gospel and then come back to teach her people, do you think, O Missionary, that He would say 'no'?"

So it came about that Mr. Browne, who could not resist this appeal, took Saidee, the Kurdish maid, back into his own home to help there and at the same time to attend the Jesus school. It was agreed that after three years she should go back as a missionary to her village.

Like the wind those three years fled away and the end of them found Saidee a devoted helper in the missionary's family, a successful student, strong and sweet of character, and ready, much as she longed to stay another year, to turn her face back to the home among the hills. There, as brave as any American crusader, she opened her school—a large one it grew to be—and visited among the

women, teaching them as a Bible woman would have done.

But like all other crusaders Saidee made some of those about her long to take part in such a crusade too. Some three years after her departure a ragged, half-famished looking lad appeared in the missionary's study and soon turned out to be one of Saidee's scholars, her brother John, who longed to learn more that he, also, might return home and preach the love of Christ.

"Are you willing to work for it as she did?" asked Mr. Browne. "Try me and see. Are you sorry you tried my sister?" was the quick retort.

So he, too, studied and then after four or five years was sent back to his own Kurdistan as a teacher and preacher, supported by the foreign missionary society of the Armenian churches in Harpoot.

But John again proved that one crusader always makes others. In the front row of his audience in one of the wild, mountain villages which he presently visited, was a fellow named Paul. A cruel looking knife was sticking out from his girdle,—John knew that he was famous for his evil life and bloody acts in all the region round. So the preacher prayed as he preached, the way all crusaders do, and at the close Paul, the robber, sprang to his feet and declared that henceforth he would live for the new Master of whom John spoke—Jesus Christ. When a church was formed a little

later, and John was made pastor, this Paul was unanimously elected a deacon.

Then after a few years came the time of the Turkish Crusade against the Christians, and on one dreadful Sunday morning Moslem soldiers surrounded the church and a Moslem captain demanded to know if Paul were there.

"Yes, I am Paul," came a quiet answer as the deacon rose from his place.

"Well," said the captain, "I hear you have great influence here and in all this region. Now, in behalf of this village, I want you to accept our creed. If you will agree that there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah, I will return and say that you have accepted our religion. I will spare your village, and no harm shall come to your families. What say you Paul? Speak quickly and it shall be well with you all."

But the answer was that of a true crusader. Courageous as any American missionary, even though he faced a gun, Paul said simply, "Three years ago I became the servant and soldier of Jesus Christ. He has proved a wonderful captain to me —this blessed Son of God—and you ask me to exchange Him for your dead prophet! Never!"

The guns spoke quickly and Paul fell where he had stood. Then they turned to Pastor John. His reply also was loyal. But though his body soon lay beside his deacon's the memory of these brave leaders enabled their people to live through all the frightful days of the Moslem crusade, to

keep their hearts true to Christ, and to reopen their church again when those days were past. But for them many would have faltered and yielded.

Saidee, the missionary maid of Kurdistan, still lives on in her mountain home. Beginning at her doorstep the Quiet Crusade has spread far and wide into all the neighboring country, and wherever the story of Paul and John is carried its advance grows stronger day by day. She does not know how many links there are now in this chain of crusaders, and no one, I imagine, will ever find the end of it!

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER FOR CHAPTER VI

The leader will place emphasis on two points in this chapter. First, the fact that the Quiet Crusade has already accomplished much should be brought out. Perhaps this can best be done in the review, by taking a little more time than usual for that feature. Let the children themselves recall changes which the preceding lessons have described, making sure that the transformation is real enough to them so that they glory in it. The major part of the meeting should be given to the subject of future advance however. Effort has been made to choose illustrations which would make concrete the call for such progress, without oppressing the children's minds with too heavy a sense of unmet need. If the leader adds others to these stories she should bear the same point in mind. Her attitude more than what she says should make each child realize that he or she belongs in the American part of the crusading army. The response will be genuine and quick if the children have entered into the "crusade" idea in the preceding lessons.

It is earnestly urged that leaders provide some method by which this response and the interest aroused by the entire study may be set to work. The sending of picture cards and dolls is one way; the helping of immigrants from Turkey to this country, another. If the children represent a denomination working anywhere in the Empire, a chance to give money should most certainly accompany the study. Correspond with your Board about it.

The following program is proposed:—

1. Bugle Call.
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn.
4. Review: How much progress do you think the Quiet Crusade has made in Turkey?
5. Special Music.
6. Bugle Calls:—
   a. From Armenian villages.
   b. From Moslem villages.
   c. From schools.
   d. From the people who have no doctor.
7. Bible Lesson: John xxi. 15–17
8. Roll call and Business.
9. Sentence Prayers.
10. Crusaders' Hymn.

Necessary Helps: Maps; pictures Nos. 7, 10, 16.

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

4. Take ten or fifteen minutes for this, letting the children do most of the talking. Have it a review of the whole book.

5. Use bugle for this if possible.

6. Leader should say a word or two about bugle calls and their use in the army, and should then introduce one after another the children who are to sound them for the crusaders. In each of *a* and *c* use two children. The dialogue form always holds attention well. In each of *b* and *d* one child should be trained to tell the story. Be sure to have *d* last, since from the child's point of view, it will be the most impressive of them all.

8. Have the settlement of some definite way in which your particular group of children can help on the crusade the chief item of business.

CHAPTER VI

BUGLE CALLS FROM THE CRUSADING ARMY

For some time in this study we have been very one-sided in our talk about the crusading army. We have discussed only the country it is invading, its plan of campaign, the kind of fighting done, and the captains and privates who belong in the regiment. But everybody knows that no army would last very long if everybody who joined put on a uniform and shouldered a gun; and even though members of the Quiet Crusade carry Bibles for weapons instead of guns, the rule is just as true for them. In every war that ever was fought there have had to be recruiting agents and a commissary department and a transportation division. And so there are in the Quiet Crusade.

When the first two scouts sailed from New York in November, 1819, there were a number of men left behind who supplied money for their needs and who set about finding some reinforcements at once. So as to get supplies carried to the front as quickly as possible, some of these men were organized into a kind of transportation division which came to be known as a Mission Board. It was their business to see that men and money were sent to Turkey as fast as they were provided. Others went about the country and invited everybody who

was interested in the crusade to take some part in it, either by entering as a soldier himself or, if that was impossible, by providing supplies.

Now there is one drawback about this recruiting and commissary department. It is so far away from Turkey that sometimes its members do not really understand just how fast the crusade is progressing. Their eyes cannot see over such a distance, while the eyes of the actual fighters, and their hands also, are too busy to spend much time in reporting the battle. The victories are being won every day, they say. Most of the people in the old Gregorian, Greek, and Syrian churches, as well as the Protestants, live truer, more honest lives than they used. Many of them read the Bible for themselves, and their priests even translate the old language used in the church service so that it can be understood by all. Not only Protestants want good schools but these older Christians too, and they are more and more desiring that their girls as well as their boys should be taught. The Mohammedans are growing friendly and often crusaders will be called into homes as they pass along the street with the words, "We want to hear also." They have come to see that all crusaders are honest and kind, that they do not want money and things for themselves, but spend all their time making other people happier. In one part of the country they always call missionaries "shipperts," whether they know them or not, after Dr. Shepard, the first crusader there. His beautiful life

made a deep impression upon them and they expect all Christians to be like him of course. After the Moslems have watched such people for awhile, or have been helped by them, they frequently are curious to know more about the religion which can make men and women "shipperts."

So the message from the captains is, "Send us more supplies and more men for the crusade; it is progressing so fast we cannot keep up with it." And every now and then a special bugle call is sounded so that the American department of the army will realize how much more help is needed. Here is one of the calls now, and this is the way in which it came to be sounded.

Two missionaries out in the eastern part of the country had gone touring among some of their Armenian villages seven or eight hours distant from Van, their station. Miss R. who had been out talking with the children came back to their corner in the schoolroom late the first afternoon, her face all aglow. The air was full of smoke and Miss M. was kneeling before the poor old stove blowing with all her might to keep the blaze alive, but Miss R. was accustomed to such conditions and plunged into her story without ado.

"What do you suppose," she began, "the children in this village have organized a society called 'The Pupils' Club' all of their own accord."

Miss M. (between blows): "What is it for?"

Miss R.: "Oh, it has a long constitution which they wrote themselves, saying that their purpose is

to advance education and become good men. They meet in the evening to study."

Miss M.: "I should like to know where!"

Miss R.: "In a stable. The cows, buffaloes and sheep are the heating apparatus! And in order to get a lamp and oil, they have taxed every member two eggs or a penny."

Miss M.: "I suppose they do not have any lamps in their homes."

Miss R.: "No, not one of them; and this is so tiny you can barely see it. They have also made themselves responsible for good order in the school. That is why they came in so promptly this morning. Don't you remember how quietly they took their places on the mats and how careful the little ones were not to disturb the others? The teacher says it is all their own doing, and that they are looking forward to going to the high school in Van if they are faithful in their work here."

Miss M. (sighing): "But they are so poor! Wherever will they get the help? Oh, I wish we had some more scholarships! Did you notice that some of them are barefoot, even with all this snow on the ground? And that brightest girl and her brother, the one with so many patches on her dress, are much too sallow and thin. They are not half fed, I am certain."

Miss. R.: "I have been wondering whether we could scrimp a little more at the boarding school at Van so as to help two or three to come as soon as they are ready. They would pay all they could themselves."

Miss M.: "Of course, but what more can we do? We do not burn any oil in the evening as it is, and we ought, so that the scholars could use that time for study; and we do not have enough wood now to keep even the schoolrooms warm during the day! As fast as the snow melts we must send the children out to gather chips—"

Miss R.: "Oh, I know. I do not really see how we can save any more than we are saving, but just listen! The teacher for the little ones and the girls is not only humpbacked, but I have just discovered that she has lung trouble as well: Some girl ought to be studying at Van boarding school this very minute, so as to be able to take her place. She cannot go on teaching much longer. Just think of those children with their club if the school has to close!"

Miss M.: "And of course it would be quite improper to send one of the city girls out here. If only girls could go about as they can in America! But we shall have to have one of the village girls themselves or nobody."

Miss R.: "And we ought not to delay a minute longer."

Miss M.: "I was counting up the villages where the people are anxious to have teachers just last night. I wanted to see how many there are where we have no one ready to send them and no scholarship to help train a village girl so she can go back later."

Miss R.: "You ought to have been asleep!"

Miss M.: "The animals in the stable down stairs kept me awake for awhile, but after I had thought of more than a dozen I was too discouraged to go on."

Miss R. (suddenly): "Do you know what I am going to do?"

Miss M.: "No, what?"

Miss R.: "Sound a bugle call to America! I will tell the people that they are not keeping up with the crusade. There are not only villagers around here who want schools and can't have them; they are all over Turkey. The people are longing for teachers. I am certain that the commissary department does not know; if they did they would work harder."

A different kind of call comes from another crusader. It grows stronger and stronger every year now-a-days. It is the call for more Bible women and more missionaries to work wholly among the Moslem people. True to their "Plan of Campaign" the crusaders have been mostly fighting among the people who call themselves Christian and yet do not live in a Christ-like way. "For how should Moslems want to change their religion unless they come to admire and wish to be like the followers of Jesus rather than those of Mohammed?" they ask. All these years since the crusade began the Moslems have watched; now as we have seen, many of them are beginning to be more friendly, to listen to what crusaders say, and to read the Bible if they are able. But there are

almost no crusaders, either American, Armenian, or Greek, whose time is not already taken up with other work which cannot be dropped.

So the bugle call is heard on all sides for new missionaries and Bible women who can spend more time visiting in the Turkish homes wherever they are welcomed. This is the way it is sounded by one of the older workers.

"I have begun to be friends with the Moslem people," she says, "and to call at their homes as well as in those of the Christians. I find many who are sick or sorrowful who are more than glad to have me read to them from the Testament for they do not know how themselves, and the stories give them comfort. Some would soon become crusaders if we should teach them faithfully. Not one has ever refused me entrance to her home, and often the men and boys meet me on the street and beg me to come in. Once I was calling from house to house in a tiny village where I had been once or twice before, and at each place I noticed that the little boys came running in after me in the most friendly fashion. They would sit down and listen as quietly as the grown-ups. Finally one of the mothers said to me, 'We are glad to have you here. When my boy saw you in the distance he came racing in to shout, "Mother, mother, *the beautiful of the earth* are coming!"' Of course they are not all so ready to receive me as these are, but very many of them would be, if only I had time to give them. Just

the other day one woman in a village which I had not been able to visit for seven years said something which made me decide then and there to sound this bugle call louder and longer all the rest of my life. This is what she said, her hands outstretched as I entered her doorway, 'You are welcome. All these seven years I have hunted and hunted for you, and no one could tell me how to find you. I have wanted so much to have you read with me again. Why did you not come before? The seven years have been long!' Think of waiting all those years! And think of the crusading army being so small that there was no other captain to visit her when I had no time! I want you to listen to this bugle call with all your ears. Seven years is a long time to wait for the 'beautiful of the earth' to return, isn't it?"

"No, I will not send my boy to your school," is the way a third bugle call begins.

"Why not?" asked the crusader. "Do you not know he will become a better man? We will teach him to do right and to use his head as well as his hands. He will be looked up to by all the people about."

"But who will help me till my ground, if I send my boy to school?" questioned the village farmer earnestly. "He will become a better man—yes. But he will learn the things which will make him a teacher. I do not want him to be a teacher for he is needed in my fields. We can barely make enough to live and pay our taxes now. If you

could teach him to be a *better farmer* as well as to read and write, he should go to your school, and I should be proud to have him come back and be of influence in the village. Your ways are good, but I cannot spare my boy to be a teacher!"

"What the crusading army needs," says the missionary who talked with this man, "is more model farms connected with its schools. Then we could make crusaders of these village fellows who must spend their lives in the fields. Instead of knowing no better than to use a crooked branch for a plough, they would learn up-to-date ways of farming. Then the villages need not be so wretchedly poor; more of the children could come to school, and so more of them would learn about Jesus Christ and become followers of Him. It certainly pays to teach industrial work and farming as well as book learning. There was Elias Jijuni for instance. He was so frightfully poor that had it not been for the stone-cutting he learned at high school, he never could have come. He worked early and late out of school hours so as to pay his own way. He even helped to support his family from his vacation work! When graduation time came he was master of a good trade, all his people were proud of him, and his school training had fitted him to be a leader in the crusade. If the recruiting and commissary departments would only send us more money and more missionaries so that we could increase this part of our fighting, our progress would be much faster."

Still a fourth bugle call sounds loud and clear. "'We were travelling across the Mesopotamian plain from Mardin to Aleppo," a crusader says. "The road to the north which travellers usually take was closed because of cholera; so instead of journeying by *araba*, the native four-wheeled wagon, we travelled in a *mahaffa*—a strange name and a strange thing to ride in!—two boxes balanced on the back of a strong horse, each one just large enough to hold one person. One has to sit bolt upright with the feet straight out in front, which is not an easy position, I assure you, especially when you are holding a fat baby on your knees. Our three-year-old boy had a fine time all by himself in the opposite box where he had to have stones in with him so that he would weigh as much as his mother and baby brother! But he didn't mind at all for weren't there plenty of big camels going by, stepping so slowly that he could watch them for a long distance? And there was always a dear, little black donkey in the very front leading the big animals. He always laughed and clapped his hands at that little donkey and the sober-faced Arab—there was always one riding a donkey—would smile in return.

"We had pitched our tent one afternoon and were sitting in front when we saw two Arabs of the plain coming toward us. They were rough in appearance and the clothes of the younger were quite ragged. They had evidently come from some distance, and we wondered what their errand

was. We greeted them cordially for we have learned to love these rough-looking Arabs. They are kindly-hearted, gentle and courteous in manner, and we know we must look within to find the real man—in under the rough appearance and fierce looks.

"'Salaam aleikum'—peace upon you—the older said. 'We have come to ask if you will not heal my friend's eyes. Allah has sent hard times upon him and he is poor and his sheep were lost in the winter storm. What will become of him now, if his eyes go?'

"We looked at the young man, at the fine, strong body, at the weak, inflammed eyes, at the utter discouragement of his attitude.

"'But we are not doctors,' we explained. 'We do not know how to cure his eyes. You must take him to Mardin. There is a missionary doctor there who can help,' I added, though I well knew the distance was great for them to go. You see, there is no doctor in all that great plain with its thousands of Arabs!

"But the fellow still pled with us. He thought, as many of these simple, uneducated people do, that all foreigners are doctors, and that we were refusing because we did not *wish* to help. Deciding at last that it would be necessary to do something for him, I got from my small medicine case some witchhazel cream and told him to rub it on the inflammed part. Then I gave him some simple eyedrops that I used for the children's eyes

as I knew that at least they would do no harm. Both men were more than grateful and thanked us again and again.

"Scarcely had they ridden away when our cook exclaimed, 'Oh, you've brought all kinds of trouble on your heads! All kinds of trouble!' he kept repeating dubiously.

"'What have we done now?' we asked.

"'Just wait and see,' he said. 'Just wait and see!'

"We had but a short time to wait when we saw our trouble coming toward us over the plain! Following with our eyes the line of the horizon, we could trace dozens of dark figures outlined against the sky. Every minute the number seemed to increase and then at last the nearest ones reached our camp,—so many people and so many kinds of sickness! There was a man on a cloth stretcher slung between two animals. Close beside them came one who was blind, carefully led by his friends, and then a lame boy and a woman with a sick baby in her arms. And all of them were asking, just as our first visitor had done, for us to heal their sickness! Others kept arriving from more distant places—whither the news of the foreigners who had healed the young man's blindness had flown,—all their sick and blind and lame with them.

"We went out toward them, so as to keep them away from our tent where the children were, and did what little we could for them—but it was

very little indeed, since we were not doctors! Most of them we could not help at all.

"'Just think how they might have been helped if there had been a doctor here,' I said. 'Just think!'

"When at last they had all been sent away we sat down to our delayed dinner.

"'There is one thing I'm going to do right away,' I announced, as we ate.

"'What is that?' asked my husband.

"'Sound a bugle call for more doctors and nurses!' I replied. 'Don't you believe that we would have doctors here if the men in our medical colleges could see the picture we have seen this afternoon? Think of no doctor in all this plain! Think of the station of Bitlis with the nearest doctor two days away! The recruiting department must get to work. It is too slow! If we're to win the crusade and win it soon, we must have more crusaders and more people who will keep their needs supplied. I am going to sound that call as long and as hard as I can.'"

These are but a few of the many bugle calls which the crusaders are sounding from the midst of the battle. Each one has different notes, you see, and calls for a different thing, but they are alike in one point. They are all sounded so that the American part of the army will hear and take their full share in the battle. It is as if together they would say, "The Quiet Crusade is winning, to be sure. There are many more true Christians in

Turkey than there used to be. God's weapons of love and prayer cannot fail of victory in the end. But, oh! we could win so much sooner, we could save so much unhappiness, we could bring joy to so many more people, if only our army were bigger!" Will you not raise the banner of the Quiet Crusade in America higher than you've held it before? If you've not belonged to the army at all, won't you join? Won't you get somebody else to help too? Won't you come out and be a crusader yourself?

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